

THE ILLUSTRATED
SPORTING & DRAMATIC

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SATURDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1874.

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MISS RACHEL SANGER AS 'MAGGIE MACFARLANE' IN "THE BONNIE FISHWIFE."

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London, King's Cross Station, October, 1874.

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NEWMARKET RACES.

HOUGHTON MEETING, 26TH to 31ST OCTOBER, 1874.

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On the above dates Trains will run between BISHOPSGATE and ST. PANCRAS and NEWMARKET as under:

From St. Pancras.	From Bishopsgate.	DOWN.	Due at Newmarket.
..... 6.45 a.m.	1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class 10.52 a.m.	
7.45 a.m.	1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class 10.52 a.m.	
10.35 a.m.	1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class 2.13 p.m.	
11.30 a.m.	1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class (Express) 4.5 p.m.	
..... 4.53 p.m.	1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class 5.0 p.m.	
 1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class (Express) 7.37 p.m.	
 12.32, 4.32 and 6.0 p.m.		
 Returning from Newmarket to Bishopsgate and St. Pancras at 8.39 a.m.,		

On Monday, Tuesday, and Saturday, 26th, 27th, and 31st October, a Special Train of First Class Carriages for Newmarket will leave St. Pancras at 9.0 a.m., and Bishopsgate at 9.0 a.m., returning from Newmarket to Bishopsgate and St. Pancras One Hour after the advertised time of the Last Race.

On Monday, 26th October, a Special Fast Train (1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class) for Newmarket will leave St. Pancras at 4.48 p.m., and Bishopsgate at 4.45 p.m.

On Monday, Tuesday, and Saturday, 26th, 27th, and 31st October, a Special Fast Train (1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class) will leave St. Pancras at 8.25 a.m., and Bishopsgate at 8.20 a.m. for Newmarket.

On Saturday, 31st October, a Special Fast Train (1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class) will leave Newmarket for Bishopsgate and St. Pancras at 4.25 p.m.

London, October, 1874.

S. SWARBRICK, General Manager.

B R I G H T O N S E A S O N .—T H E G R A N D A Q U A R I U M ,
—E V E R Y S A T U R D A Y , F a s t T r a i n s f o r B r i g h t o n l e a v e V i c t o r i a a t 11.10 a.m., c a l l i n g a t C l a p h a m J u n c t i o n ; a n d L o n d o n B r i d g e 11.20 a.m., c a l l i n g a t C r o y d o n (E a s t).

F a r e — 1 s t c l a s s , H a l f-a-g u i n e a , i n c l u d i n g a d m i s s i o n t o t h e A q u a r i u m a n d t h e R o y a l P a v i l i o n (P a l a c e a n d G r o u n d s) , a v a i l a b l e t o r e t u r n b y a n y T r a i n t h e s a m e d a y , i n c l u d i n g t h e S p e c i a l F a s t T r a i n l e a v i n g B r i g h t o n a t 9.30 p.m.

(By order) J. P. KNIGHT,

General Manager.

T H E A T R E R O Y A L , D R U R Y L A N E .—

S o l e L e s s e e a n d M a n a g e r , F. B. C h a t t e r t o n .—I m m e n s e s u c c e s s o f R I C H A R D C E U R - D E - L I O N .—E v e r y E v e n i n g a t 6.45 , N O B O D Y I N L O N D O N . A t 7.45 , R I C H A R D C E U R - D E - L I O N .—M r . J a m e s A n d e r s o n , M r . W . T e r r i s s , a n d M r . C r e s w i c k ; M i s s W a l l i s a n d M i s s B e s s i e K i n g . T o c o n c l u d e w i t h H E R E , T H E R E , A N D E V E R Y W H E R E —F . E v a n s a n d T r o u p e . P r i c e s f r o m 6d. t o £ 5 s . D o o r s o p e n a t 6.30 . C o m m e n t a t i o n a t 6.45 . B o x o f f i c e o p e n f r o m T e n t i l F i v e d a y l y .

V A U D E V I L L E T H E A T R E .—E n o r m o u s s u c c e s s o f t h e R e v i v a l o f " T w o R o s e s . " E v e r y E v e n i n g , a t H a l f p a s t S e v e n , L E G A C Y L O V E . A f t e r w h i c h , a t E i g h t , J a m e s A l b e r y ' s a d m i r e d C o m e d y , T W O R O S E S . C o n c l u d i n g w i t h W . S . G i l b e r t ' s F a i r y S t o r y , C R E A T U R E S O F I M P U L S E . S u p p o r t e d b y M e s s r s . W i l l i a m F a r r e n , D a v i d J a m e s , C h a r l e s W a r n e r , E d w a r d R i g h t o n , a n d T h o m a s T h o r n e ; M e s d a m e s A m y R o s e l l e , K a t e B i s h o p , N e l l y W a l t e r s , C i c e l y R i c h a r d s , a n d S o p h i e L a r k i n . A c t i n g M a n a g e r , M r . D . M c K a y .

R O Y A L O L Y M P I C T H E A T R E .—M r . H e n r y N e v i l l e , L e s s e e a n d M a n a g e r .—C r o w d e d H o u s e s a n d e n o r m o u s s u c c e s s o f T H E T W O O R P H A N S , t h e g r e a t e s t d r a m a o f t h e d a y . E V E R Y E V E N I N G , a t 7.30 , T H E T W O O R P H A N S , a d a p t e d f r o m t h e F r e n c h b y J o h n O x e n f o r d . N e w s c e n e , d r e s s e s , a n d d e c o r a t i o n s . M r . H e n r y N e v i l l e a n d M i s s F o w l e r ; M e s d a m e s E r n s t o n e , H u n t l e y , H a z l e t o n , C . H a r c o u r t , A . T a y l o r , a n d C h a r l e s V i n e r ; M e s s r s . W . M . R i g n o l d , C . H a r c o u r t , S t u d g e n , V o l l a i r e , R o l a n d , a n d A t k i n s . P r e c e d e d , a t 7 , b y T W E N T Y M I N U T E S W I T H A T I G E R .—D o o r s o p e n a t 6.30 . B o x o f f i c e o p e n d a i l y f r o m 11 t o 5 . N o f e e s f o r b o o k i n g . P r i c e s f r o m 6d. t o £ 3 s . F r e e l i s t e n t i e l y s u s p e n d e d .

T H E T W O O R P H A N S , i n s i x a c t s a n d e i g h t t a b l e a u x ,

E V E R Y E V E N I N G , a t 7.30 . P r e c e d e d , a t 7 , b y T W E N T Y M I N U T E S W I T H A T I G E R .—D o o r s o p e n a t 6.30 . B o x o f f i c e o p e n d a i l y f r o m 11 t o 5 . N o f e e s f o r b o o k i n g . P r i c e s f r o m 6d. t o £ 3 s . F r e e l i s t e n t i e l y s u s p e n d e d .

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MISS RACHEL SANGER.

MISS RACHEL SANGER is the daughter of Mr. Alfred Sanger, who was for many years the stage manager of the Theatre Royal at Brighton, and it was at that theatre Miss Sanger played as a child, and indeed gained most of her professional knowledge. Her first appearance "on any stage," as the playbills would have it, was at the age of two years, when she played the part of "Little Harry" in *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, which was brought out at the Olympic Theatre in September, 1852, so that she can boast at any rate of having made an earlier *début* than usually falls to the lot of an actress. What may, however, be termed virtually her first appearance on the London stage as an actress was many years later as "Ernani" in William Brough's burlesque of that name, written specially for her, and which was produced at the Alexandra Theatre. From thence she went to Covent Garden, where she played for two seasons in the pantomimes of *Aladdin*, and *The Forty Thieves*. She afterwards took the character of "Miss Neville" in *She Stoops to Conquer*, at the St. James's Theatre, during Miss Herbert's reign at that fashionable West End resort, and later still appeared as "Arrah," in *Arrah na Pogue*, under Mr. Vining's management at the Princess's during the illness of Mrs. Boucicault. Among the original characters which Miss Sanger has from time to time sustained, and with all of which her name is closely identified, are "Lina" in Tom Robertson's *Dreams*, "Mary Vaughan" in *Dora's Device*, "Basil" in *Undine* at the Olympic, and "Plunkett" in the burlesque of *Martha*. She has played *opéra-bouffe* also with marked success in Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, and other provincial towns, where her "Regina" in the *Princess of Trebizonde* was very highly commended by the critics.

Our portrait on the front page (from a photograph by Fradelle and Marshall) represents the subject of our memoir in the character of the "Bonnie Fishwife," which she so ably sustained towards the close of last season at the Criterion Theatre. We are only echoing the wishes of hundreds of playgoers who have seen this refined and attractive actress in her many charming *rôles* when we express a hope that her name may very soon reappear in "the bill."

MISS FURTADO.

THE piquancy and brightness of this popular young actress's having made her an established favourite both in town and country, we had much pleasure in adding her likeness last week to the Portrait Gallery of Stage Celebrities, which we have reason to know is one of the most welcome features of THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS. Like Miss Ada Cavendish (whom we all fell in love with as *Venus*), Miss Furtado came, was seen, and conquered in Mr. Burnand's *Ixion* at the Royalty. She was then only sixteen. Her captivating freshness and youthful vivacity as Mercury in this most popular of burlesques won the hearts of all playgoers, and simply justified the management in promoting her to the principal *rôle* of "Ixion." The perfection of her elocution at that early age was doubtless due to the careful tuition of her father, Mr. C. F. Furtado, well known as a Professor of Music, and sometime lecturer on elocution at London University. So rapid was Miss Furtado's rise in the profession that she thereafter obtained leading engagements at Her Majesty's Theatre, the Olympic, Astley's, Adelphi, and the Vaudeville. Who does not remember the sparkling way in which she enacted the chief part in the English version of *L'Œil crevé* at the Olympic? What frequenter of the Adelphi is there who has not pleasant reminiscences of Miss Furtado's *chic* and winsome grace in *Notre Dame*, and in numberless other Adelphi dramas? Playgoers still welcome her as Miss Furtado, albeit she was married to Mr. John Clarke in 1872, and, whether she appears on the London or the provincial stage, her bright presence ever wins for her the heartiest favour of the public.

ADELPHI THEATRE.

THE GENEVA CROSS.

MADAME CELESTE having terminated her short engagement here on Friday evening, a new drama, entitled *The Geneva Cross*, by Mr. George F. Rowe, whose remarkable impersonation of "Micawber" in *Little Em'ly*, a few seasons ago, at the Olympic, gained him no little renown, was produced on the following night, and was received with every demonstration of success, notwithstanding the temper of the crowded audience being sadly tried by most protracted waits between the acts. The drama, though new to England, has already achieved considerable success in America, where it has been represented for 500 times; but to ensure similar permanency here, to which its undoubted elements of strong dramatic interest, powerful and well-contrived incidents and situations fairly entitle it, a great deal of redundant oratory which some of the characters needlessly indulge in, as well as one or two episodes, notably that of the "little mother" in the third act, must be ruthlessly excised, for they only interrupt and delay the action when it should move briskly on. The story of *The Geneva Cross*, free from these incumbrances, is in its main thread simple, free from complication, and is both constructed and developed with considerable skill. The first of the four acts into which the drama is divided takes place in 1870, just before the outbreak of the Franco-German War, at the cannon foundry of Pierre Le Brun, near Auxerre, where a young Prussian of high birth, Riel de Bourg, with a view of acquiring practical engineering knowledge in foreign countries, which may be serviceable to his fatherland, is employed as one of the workmen. Riel falls in love with his employer's only daughter, Gabrielle Le Brun, who, as well as her lively foster sister, Martago, regards the young workman with too favouring eyes, the former becoming awakened to the true state of her feelings by the latter's confidential avowal that she was in love with him. Gabrielle is also beloved by Mathieu Moineau, the overseer of the foundry, to whom Pierre Le Brun has promised the hand of his daughter and a partnership as a reward for his long services. Moineau, jealous of the partiality Gabrielle evidently evinces for Riel, becomes his bitter enemy, and, seeing a Prussian postmark on a letter which arrives for Riel, suggests to Pierre that Riel is a Prussian spy, and eventually has him dismissed from the foundry. Gabrielle, however, intercedes with her father, who can refuse her nothing, and Riel is recalled and reinstated. In the next act a *réle* takes place in honour of Gabrielle's birthday, and Riel is chosen by the workpeople and villagers to crown her with a floral wreath. After the ceremony, a mutual avowal of love takes place between Riel and Gabrielle, which being overheard by Moineau and Gabrielle's aunt, Mdlle. Cassandre, they inform old Pierre, who calls all his workpeople to witness the disgrace of his daughter. Riel at once, disavowing all intention of wrong, confessed that he became a workman from choice, not necessity, for he is highly born and wealthy, and offers to make Gabrielle his wife. Old Pierre, delighted to secure an aristocratic husband for his daughter, gives his consent, notwithstanding an indignant remonstrance from the overseer, whom he puts off with the reminder that he is used to wait, and as he has waited so long, he can wait a little longer for the partnership. Just as affairs are thus happily arranged, the declaration of war is

brought in and read, and the curtain falls on a striking tableau of the excited crowd, with Gabrielle in the foreground waving aloft a floral wreath on a bayonetted musket, and joining with patriotic enthusiasm in the war cry of "A Berlin." Six months elapse, when the curtain rises on the third act, which takes place in Paris, when the bombardment is at its height. Riel and Gabrielle, now his wife, together with Pierre and Mdlle. Cassandre, are undergoing all the privations of the beleaguered city. Riel, to avoid fighting against his countrymen, assumes the Geneva cross and attends the ambulances; while Gabrielle visits the hospitals. Her rejected suitor, Moineau, now a captain of Mobiles, still hating his successful rival, denounces Riel as a Prussian spy, and is about having him seized and shot, when Riel escapes to the Prussian lines, and Gabrielle and her father are arrested for aiding his flight. In the last act Gabrielle and her father are prisoners in a casemate of one of the forts, which is being continuously shelled by the Prussians. Through the assistance of the faithful Martago and her lover, they are on the point of making their escape from the casemate when Moineau appears, and offers her freedom on terms of dishonour, which she spurns with indignation and scorn. Moineau, again baffled, orders them both off to execution. Before the order can be obeyed, a breach is made in the wall of the casemate by the besiegers' heavy guns, and the Prussian soldiers rush in, the officer who heads them turning out to be Riel de Bourg, who is only just in time to rescue Gabrielle and her father from impending death, and the curtain falls on another most effective and sensational scene of the Prussian soldiers crowding the breach, through which the city of Paris is brightly visible, and the rescued wife is restored to her heroic husband. The drama is admirably put on the stage, Mr. Lloyd's scenery being very artistic and effective; and the characters are very satisfactorily represented. Miss Marie Henderson, who made her first appearance at this theatre, displayed both intelligence and careful pains in her rendering a rather arduous assumption, that of "Gabrielle Le Brun." She showed sprightly vivacity in the earlier acts, no little pathos and vigour of expression in other parts, and but for an occasional hardness of style, which study will readily modify, Miss Henderson fulfilled the task in a very satisfactory manner. Miss Edith Stuart was particularly good as the foster sister, "Martago." The young Prussian, disguised as a workman, is represented with excellent taste, manliness, and artistic spirit by Mr. Henry Sinclair. Mr. A. Glover's melodramatic style is exactly suited to the character of the overseer, "Mathieu Moineau"; and Mr. McIntyre adequately represented "Pierre Le Brun." Miss Hughes (Mrs. Gaston Murray), Miss Hudspeth, and Mr. Fernandez, by their point and artistic rendering of "Mdlle. Cassandre," "the little mother," and "Spadassin," a bibulous sergeant of Mobiles, imparted whatever spirit and individuality these very insignificant parts were capable of receiving, and other subordinate characters were made the most of by Messrs. H. Russell, Calhaem, Moreland, Butler, and Cooper.

Provincial.

BRISTOL.—**NEW THEATRE.**—During this week Herr and Mrs. Bandmann have appeared in several Shakspearian and other characters. Herr Bandmann's ingenious and clever conception of the varied parts he portrays has been highly pleasing to the audiences, but from some cause or other the said audiences have been far from large. Perhaps this may be attributed in great measure to the week being one devoted to political meetings.

VICTORIA ROOMS.—On Thursday last Mr. J. C. Daniel, the promoter of the Clifton Winter Entertainments, produced Racine and Mendelssohn's *Athalie*. Mr. C. J. Plumtree, who was to have read the illustrative verse, was unfortunately unable to attend, and the duty devolved upon his son. Miss Julia Wigan (who made a favourable *début* on the occasion of the Bristol Musical Festival last year), Miss D'Alton, and Miss Dalwaine were the soloists, the chorus being under the direction of Mr. Lawson, organist of St. Mary's, Redcliff. It is to be regretted that such a spirited venture was not financially successful.

CORK.—**THEATRE ROYAL** (proprietor, Mr. R. C. Burke).—This house is now closed, but will be opened on the 16th November by Mr. Richard Younge's company, on which occasion the great play of *Clancarty* will be produced for the first time in Cork.

MUNSTER HALL (proprietors, Messrs. MacCarthy and Scanlan).—On Monday night Miss Carr Nelson's comedy and burlesque company commenced an engagement in this building. The pieces produced were a pretty comedy-drama, entitled *Married Beneath Him*, and a very laughable extravaganza, *The Princess of Ashantee*. Both pieces were capitally placed on the stage, and gave much satisfaction to the audience. In the former the acting of Miss Nelson and Mr. McFadyn was exceedingly good, and in the latter Miss Nelson also appeared to advantage as "the beautiful and undutiful" daughter of King Koffee. However, it is no harm to say that both ballet and orchestra would be greatly improved if their numerical strength were somewhat increased.

EDINBURGH.—**THEATRE ROYAL** (lessee, Mr. R. H. Wyndham).—On Monday evening Mr. Charles Mathews began an eleven nights' engagement with *A Game of Speculation*, and *Cool as a Cucumber*, in both of which the veteran comedian is as active and amusing as ever in the *rôles* of "Mr. Affable Hawk" and "Plumper." As with Déjazet (who, by the way, is six years his senior), time has dealt gently with our old favourite, and it would have taken a sharp and experienced eye to detect that the weight of three score and ten begins to tell. *Used Up* and *If I had a Thousand a Year* were produced on Wednesday and Thursday evenings to crowded houses, who were not slow in showing their appreciation of the comedian's efforts as "Sir Charles Coldstream" and "Paddington Green." *The Critic* was presented on Saturday evening. Mr. Mathews is succeeded by Miss Ada Cavendish, who begins her engagement on the 26th inst. with *The New Magdalen*.

ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE (lessee, Mr. A. D. McNeill).—*The Green Isle* has at last been withdrawn in favour of the sensational and the burlesque in the shape of *Lady Audley's Secret* and *The Talisman*, with Miss Lizzie Willmore in the chief characters. The latter, *bouffonnerie* (as the play bills have it) is from the prolific pen of Mr. J. F. McArdle, of the *Liverpool Porcupine*, and is full of jokes, puns, and witticisms, some of which are really clever. Miss Willmore, as "Sir Kenneth," walked, spoke, and acted with the due exaggeration of manly attributes which is supposed to constitute the charm of such a *rôle*. The other impersonations that were characterised by much merit were those of "Sir Giles," "Calista," and "King Richard," taken respectively by Messrs. Pollhill, Hardman, and Crawford. Several of the other parts were passably well sustained, and the piece was favourably received by a large and not at all critical audience.

OPERETTA HOUSE (lessee, Mr. C. Bernard).—It says a great deal for the musical taste of the Edinburgh public that this little theatre is filled to overflowing every night to hear Mr. Durand's excellent opera company. On Friday and Saturday evenings we had *The Bohemian Girl*. The performance was throughout splendid, and we may safely affirm that Balfe's charming opera has never been presented with better effect to an Edinburgh audience. In the absence of Madame Tonnerier, the difficult *rôle* of "Arline" was assumed by Mdlle. Mariami, which was altogether a most unmistakable success. In the part of the "Gipsy Queen" Miss Palmer was quite at home. Her vocalisation was as delightful as ever, while her acting was almost painful in its breadth and passionate force. As "Thaddeus," Mr. Parkinson sang tastefully and acted excellently; while the "Count Arneheim" of Mr. Durand and the "Devilshot" of Mr. Pope were more than praiseworthy performances. This week we have had *The Rose of Castile*, *Il Trovatore*, and *Satanella*, all of which have been perfectly rendered by the company, whom we congratulate on their well-earned success.

EXETER.—**THEATRE ROYAL** (lessee, Mr. Neebe).—Dion Boucicault's well-known racing drama, *Flying Scud*, which has been some

time in preparation, was produced last Wednesday with great success. Considering the small size of the stage, the "Derby Day" scene was very effective; and the song and dance by the "Pigskin Club" received much applause. The two heroines, "Julia Latimer" and "Katy Rideout," do not afford much scope for acting, but Miss Leicester and Miss Barrier made the most of their parts. The old trainer, "Nat Gosling," is a part rather out of Mr. Valentine's line, and he deserves great credit for playing it so well. He received quite an ovation when he was led in, mounted on "Flying Scud," after winning the "Derby." Mr. Honey played the little part of "Bob Buckskin," out of which he made a great deal of fun. Mr. Astley was very gentlemanly as the rather green young nobleman, "Lord Woodbine," and the three rascals, "Grindly Goode," "Mulligan," and "Mo. Davis," had quite sufficient coolness imparted to them by Messrs. Murray, Beveridge, and Cumberland, though the last-named gentleman need not have given us his catchword, "Jumping Moses," quite so often. The performances last week concluded with *Slasher and Crash*, the title *rôles* being played by Messrs. Honey and Cumberland. The farce of *Chiselling* was substituted on Monday.

GREAT YARMOUTH.—**THEATRE ROYAL** (lessee and manager, Mr. G. Murray Wood).—On Monday and Thursday *Under the Gaslight* was played to tolerable business, the cast being "Ray Trafford," Mr. H. Gascoigne; "Snorkey," Mr. H. Villars; "Byke," Mr. T. H. Faulkner; "Justice Bowling," Mr. Hunter; "Bermudas," Mr. W. H. Ransom; "Laura Courtland," Miss Emilie Blackwood; "Pearl Courtland," Miss L. Carlyn; "Peach Blossom," Miss Louise Stanhope; "Mrs. Van Dam," Miss L. Linley; and "Judas," Miss Nellie Morton. Messrs. Gascoigne, Villars, and Ransom, all deserve notice, as do Misses Blackwood, Carlyn, and Stanhope; the latter lady particularly deserves praise, and is a young lady of much promise. She is a valuable addition to the company. On Tuesday and Friday, Mr. Watts Phillips' *Adelphi* play of *Maud's Peril* was played, "Lady Maud Chalmer" being ably enacted by Miss E. Blackwood, and "Gerald Gwyn" by Mr. H. Gascoigne. On Wednesday and Friday *Oliver Twist* was played, "Oliver" being personated by Miss Carlyn, "Bill Sykes" by Mr. H. Villars, "The Dodger" by Mr. W. H. Ransom; "Rose Maylie" by Miss L. Stanhope, and "Nancy Sykes" by Miss N. Morton. The farces have been *The Dead Shot*, and *My Wife's Bonnet*. *The Two Orphans* is underlined for Monday. Miss Virginia Blackwood is still incapacitated from playing, owing to her recent severe accident, but her place is ably taken by her sister, Miss Emilie Blackwood, of whose efforts we can speak in terms of decided praise.

LEICESTER.—**THEATRE ROYAL** (lessee and manager, Mr. Elliott Galer).—We have been favoured with a spicie of genuine dramatic art in the representation of *Hamlet* this week. Not only has it been played effectively by nearly everybody concerned, but, what is of next importance, minor details have received such skilful attention at the hands of the stage director, Mr. C. Vandenhoff, as to bring the whole more interestingly before that sensible part of the play-going public who prefer Shakespeare to anything else, if only they have his works produced properly. Mr. C. Vandenhoff has also played the principal part with much originality, and with that laudable absence of bellowing at the end of each act which often secures for the actor a spurious call, relying rather upon art and discretion, which should approve him all the more. Mr. Vandenhoff was most ably supported by Mr. Barrymore as "Laertes," handsome and scholarly; Mrs. Morgan, queen-like and stately, as "Gertrude"; Miss Chisle, gentle and modest, as "Ophelia"; Mr. F. Marshall, sonorous and effective, as "Ghost"; Mr. C. Ashford, quaint, as "Gravedigger"; Mr. C. Morgan, a fine old "Polonius"; Mr. G. Comer, modest and unassuming, as "Horatio"; while the "Claudius" of Mr. B. Booth marred much that was good by his total unsuitability for the character placed in his hands. The comic opera, *John of Paris*, has alternated with the tragedy, and brought fair houses.

LIVERPOOL.—**ALEXANDRA THEATRE.**—The programme of the Italian opera company, during their second week's stay, has comprised *Il Trovatore*, *Il Flauto Magico*, *Il Talismano*, *La Sonnambula*, *Le Nozze di Figaro*, and Beethoven's *Fidelio*. With a band and chorus specially strengthened for this engagement, and a company artistically, as well as numerically, strong, the representations have been unusually complete and effective. Madame Titiens has shown many signs of wear and tear in her voice, but Madame Trebelli-Bettini, who was indisposed one evening, is vocally stronger than ever. Of the several new-comers, appearing for the first time in Liverpool, the most favourable impression has been created by Mdlle. Risarelli, and Signor Brignoli, the latter being a most finished artist, though with an over-worked voice. The stage management, under Mr. A. Harris's care, has been much more satisfactory than on previous visits, and the conducting of the orchestra by Signor Calsi left little to be desired. Next week Mr. J. Clarke and Miss Furtado will appear in *Ours and Progress*.

ROYAL AMPHITHEATRE.—Mrs. Hermann Vezin has reappeared here, and again relied upon the drama of *Cora* as the chief attraction. The play is of a rather lugubrious type, but develops the intense power of this sterling actress to a striking degree. Mr. J. H. Slater and a travelling company efficiently support Mrs. Vezin, who remains another week. The afterpiece has been Offenbach's operetta, *A Wonderful Cousin*.

THEATRE ROYAL.—Another change is to be reported here, a new domestic drama having been produced this week, entitled *Alice Gray*, the *Suspected One*. It is of the conventional sensational order, but has no lack of stirring incidents and brisk dialogue. The other pieces have been *Caught in the Toils* and *The Irish Tutor*. The military spectacle, *Napoleon*, or the *Story of a Flag*, is announced for Monday night.

PRINCE OF WALES THEATRE.—The burlesque of *The Field of the Cloth of Gold*, continued through a third week, has been preceded by Byron's drama of "£100,000," in which the principal parts have been sustained by Messrs. C. Groves, Burnham, W. Sidney, and G. L. Gordon, and Misses Harford.

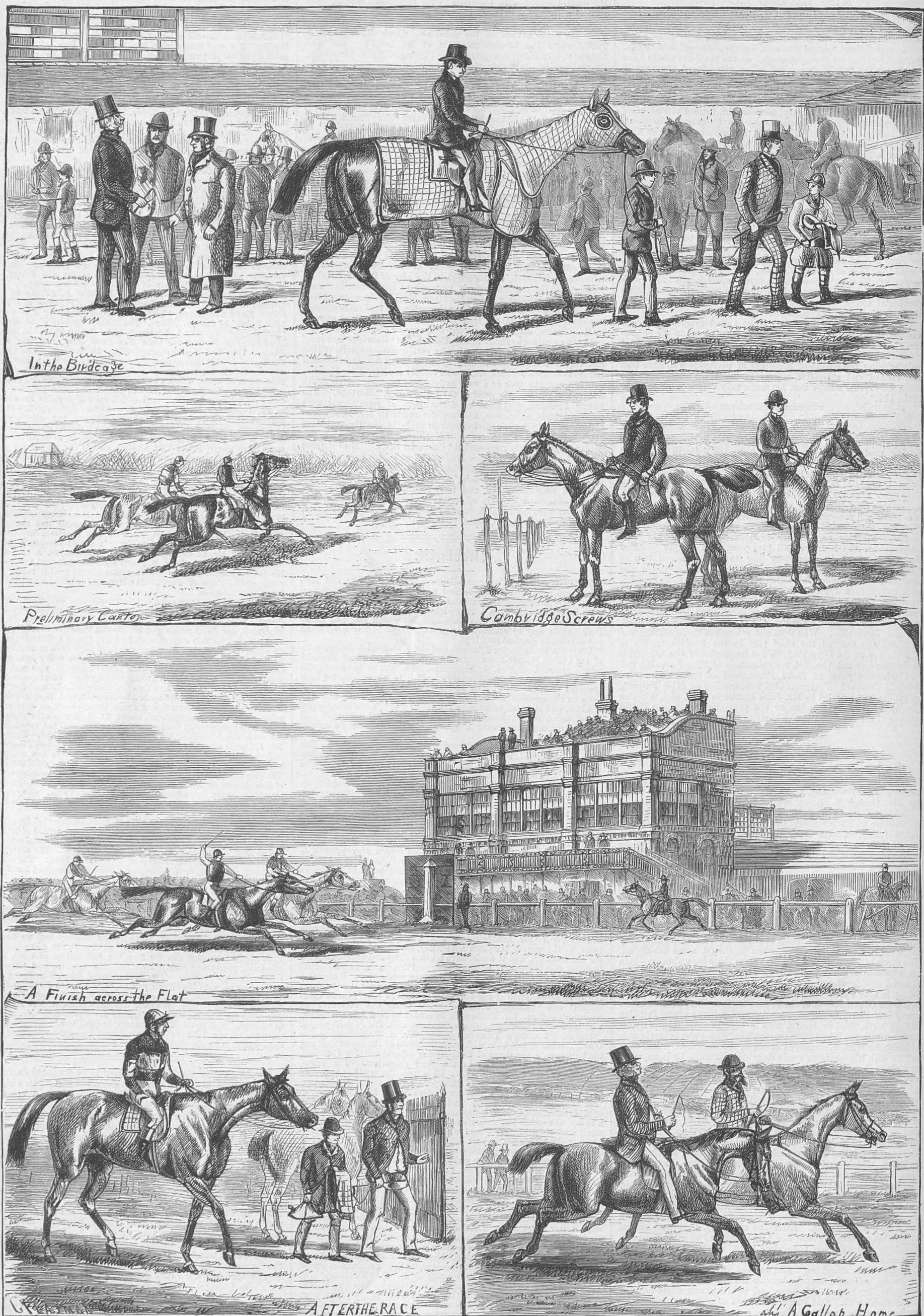
PLYMOUTH.—**THEATRE ROYAL.**—On Monday last we had the drama entitled *The Sergeant's Wife*. Although the piece possessed little merit, the acting was far from bad, Mr. Hilton and Mr. Hardy admirably personated "Old Cartouche," the veteran, and "Frederick Cartouche," the sergeant. The little musical farce, *The Bonny Fishwife*, followed, with Miss Marie Rhodes, of London, in the title *rôle*; her voice showed to great advantage in the two songs, "Cherry Ripe," and "Caller Herrin." The afterpiece was the burlesque, *The Enchanted Isle*, with the above-named young lady as "Ferdinand," Mr. H. Cane as "Alonzo," and Mr. J. R. Newcombe as "Caliban." Next week the metropolitan *La Fille de Madame Angot* company open here; the engagement is for six nights.

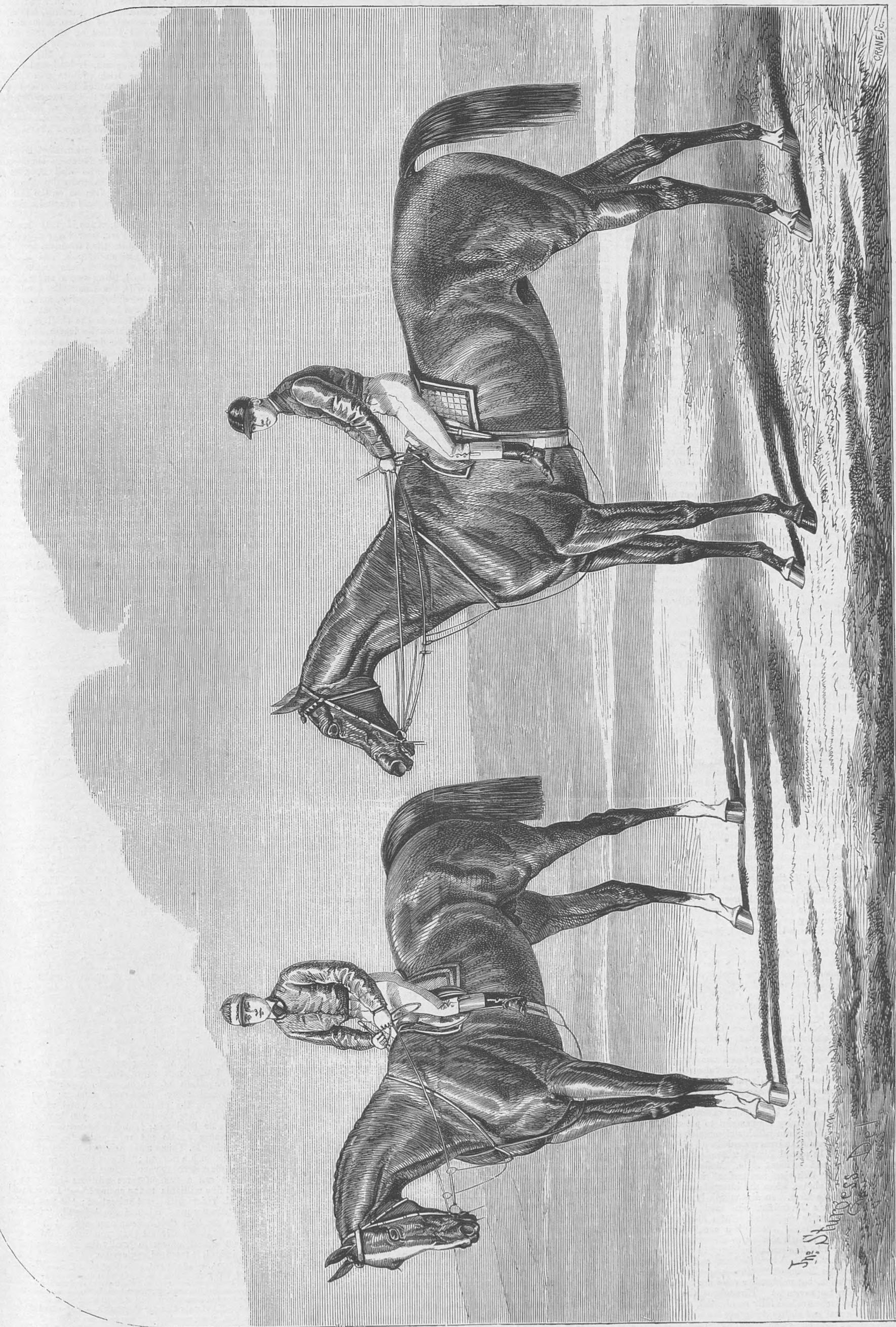
The Merchant of Venice is underlined to be produced during the present season at the Prince of Wales's Theatre. Mr. and Mrs. Kendall, who join the company after Christmas, will appear in the cast, but who is to be "Shylock"?

MR. AND MRS. CHIPPENDALE are no longer members of Mr. Buckstone's company at the Haymarket. The former is engaged by Mr. Bateman, and will appear as "Polonius" in the Lyceum revival of *Hamlet*; and the latter is now a member of Miss Litton's company at the Court, where she is sustaining the part of "Mrs. Vanderplump" in Mr. F. Marshall's *Brighton*.

THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE reopens to-night with a comedietta, *A Guardian Angel*, by Messrs. John Oxenford and Joseph Hatton, and a new comedy-bouffe, entitled *The Black Prince*, the music by Charles Lecocq, the libretto by H. B. Farnie, and in which Miss Selina Dolaro, Miss Nellie Bromley, Miss Bessie Hollingshead, and Messrs. Chatterton, J. L. Hall, John Rouse, C. W. Norton, and H. Clifford appear in the leading characters.

Mr. Toole terminated his first engagement of seven weeks at the Lyceum, New York, on the 2nd inst. with his benefit, when he appeared in *Uncle Dick's Darling*, *Off the Line*, and his famous burlesque Lectures. He played the following week at Brooklyn, whence he proceeds for an extended tour through the other American cities. He was succeeded at the Lyceum on its opening for the regular season on the 6th inst. by the late lessee of the Globe, Mr. H. S. Montague, who made his first appearance before an American audience as "Tom Gilroy," in *Partners for Life*, and met with an enthusiastic reception.





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Benefit Concerts will not (as a rule) be noticed, unless previously advertised in our columns.

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

THE Crystal Palace Concert given on Saturday last presented a variety of interesting features. A Concert Overture, entitled "The Witches' Frolic," composed by Mr. H. Gadsby, afforded an additional proof of the talent which this young and promising composer possesses, and was heartily welcomed. It seems hardly fair to any composer to put his newest work at the end of the programme. The band, already fatigued by the labour of playing through a long concert, having already gone through a morning rehearsal, could hardly be expected to display the vigour and spirit which are necessary for the interpretation of so poetical and picturesque a work as that of Mr. Gadsby. Nevertheless, under all the disadvantages inseparable from its position in the programme, "The Witches' Frolic" Overture achieved a decided and legitimate success. It will be remembered that this overture was produced last season at the series of concerts given by the British Orchestral Society, and was hailed as a striking indication of the inventive power of its composer. We cannot say that the performance on Saturday last was equal to that of the "British Orchestral Society" but it was sufficiently meritorious to give an adequate idea of the work. It is founded on a part of the well-known "Ingoldsby Legend," whose name it bears; and the portion of the poem supposed to be illustrated by the music was printed in the accompanying programme. Artistically, this was a mistake. Mr. Gadsby's overture is far above the level of "programme music," and has an interest of its own, entirely independent of any extrinsic aid. The title is happily chosen, and gives an indication of what follows. All through the overture there is an element of *diablerie* which is developed in various and fantastical forms. At times the witches indulge in frolicsome revels, interrupted by solo passages full of a wild and unearthly beauty—then, with a wild rush, they join in peals of demoniac laughter. Again breaks out a passionate wail of agony, interrupted by *staccato* passages (chiefly given to the flute) which seem to mock the despairing utterances previously enounced. The orchestra is fully employed, without undue prominence being given to any particular instrument, and the orchestration displays fertility of invention, combined with a complete mastery of orchestral resources. If any fault is to be found, it must be with the second subject in F major, for clarinet and strings, which, although melodious, can scarcely claim the merit of complete originality. The working up of the finale, in which a second theme is employed in conjunction with that in F major, is full of interest. At the conclusion of the overture, Mr. Gadsby was called for, but did not appear. The success achieved by his overture was undeniable, and it is to be hoped that henceforth he will not content himself with the production of detached and fugitive pieces, but will give to the world a symphony, oratorio, or opera, in which full scope may be given to the power of imagination and the constructive ability so admirably indicated in the overture under notice.

If we have devoted considerable space to Mr. Gadsby's overture, it is only because we feel that new works from the pens of young composers, and especially of native composers, may better engage attention than those admitted masterpieces of bygone composers, which have long been accepted as models of art. Of the latter, an abundance was provided at last Saturday's concert. Foremost stood Mendelssohn's Great Symphony in A Major, popularly known as the "Italian Symphony," and frequently alluded to by him under that title in his letters to members of his family. It hardly needs to be said that with so admirable a band as that of the Crystal Palace, and a conductor so able and zealous as Mr. Manns, the execution of this splendid work was well-nigh faultless. Weber's delicious overture to *Oberon*, with which the concert commenced, was also an instrumental treat of the first order, and Weber himself could hardly have desired a more admirable interpretation of the poetical ideas and musical imagery with which this work is replete.

Next among the instrumental *morceaux* must be named Liszt's "Fantasia on Hungarian National Melodies," for pianoforte and orchestra. The pianoforte part introduced, for the first time this season, Herr von Bülow, who received a cordial welcome. As an interpreter of Liszt, he stands pre-eminent, and in this piece, composed for him and dedicated to him by Liszt, he displayed to the greatest advantage the wonderful executive ability for which he is renowned. Of the piece itself is impossible to speak in approving terms. The so called "melodies" which cropped up from time to time amid dreary wastes of musical "padding" were in no case interesting, nor was their deficiency of interest compensated by originality of orchestral treatment. Indeed, so far as orchestration is concerned, it seems to have been the object of Liszt in this work, as in many of its predecessors, to strive for no other form of originality beyond the production of the greatest possible amount of noise. The pianoforte part affords abundant opportunities for the display of those *tours de force* in which solo pianists exult, and none of these opportunities were neglected by Herr von Bülow. Shakes, scales, double octaves, *arpeggi*, were profusely presented, and, considered as a collection of studies for pianoforte practice, the concerto had some claims to consideration. Regarded from an artistic standpoint, it can only be classed among those displays of eccentricity in which great executants have often shown their insignificance as composers. Herr von Bülow also played two pianoforte solos by Chopin; the Berceuse (Op. 57), and the Valse (Op. 42). His execution of the Berceuse was hardly satisfactory. Intent upon the brilliant execution of certain passages, he sometimes failed to give due rhythmical effect to the responsive phrases, and seemed more desirous to produce effect by brilliant execution of passages favourable for technical display than careful to present Chopin's poetical conception with uniform polish and completeness. In the Valse he was more successful, and was rewarded with a hearty encore, in response to which he played Liszt's "Ronde des Lutins" in the most charming and brilliant style. Madame Campobello-Sinico sang Mozart's "Deh vieni non tardar" in excellent style, excepting in the final phrase, when she interpolated a B flat with anything but agreeable effect. In the sprightly air, "Vien un giovin," from Weber's *Freischütz*, she made her invariable success, and was heartily applauded. Miss Sterling sang the recitative and aria "Chiamo il mio ben così," from Gluck's *Orfeo*, a composition, though similar in character, yet greatly inferior to the aria "Che faro senza Euridice," in the same opera; and also sang two "Lieder" by Schubert, and Mendelssohn's "O Jugend, o schöne Rosenzeit." She sang with considerable feeling and expression, but neither her voice nor her singing can be said to display improvement. Throughout the concert the fine quality of the orchestra was fully manifested, and Mr. Manns conducted with a zeal and ability deserving the highest praise.

At the concert to be given this afternoon, Beethoven's Overture "Leonoore" (No. 1), Schumann's Symphony in C (No. 2), Sullivan's overture to *Marmion*, and Mozart's Piano

forte Concerto in D Minor, with Mr. Charles Halle as pianist, will be performed, and the vocal music will be entrusted to Madame Otto-Alvsleben and Mr. Edward Lloyd.

HOLBORN AMPHITHEATRE.

If the laws of supply and demand are to be considered as regulating the entertainments provided at our metropolitan theatres, it must be inferred that the British public has an insatiable thirst for *opéra-bouffe*. Nearly a dozen of our theatres appear to rely on this kind of musical entertainment as an attraction to playgoers; and amongst the rest the Holborn Amphitheatre has made a bid for public favour by the production of *Melusine*, an English adaptation of M. Hervé's *Chevaliers de la Table Ronde*, performed a few years back at the Gaiety Theatre by the Brussels Opera Company. The English adaptation has been made by Mr. G. M. Layton, whose work is above the average. Exception may be taken to some of his rhymes, but his lyrics are, generally speaking, tastefully written, and well fitted to the music. The dresses, scenery, and decorations exhibit taste and liberality on the part of the management; and, with one important exception, the elements of success are abundantly provided. The exception to which we allude is the deficiency of competent artists in the principal *rôles*. The artists engaged have for the most part been selected from amongst the celebrities of music halls, and as most of these have had little or no stage experience, the performance was necessarily amateurish. Exception must be made in favour of Miss Madge Stavart, who possesses an agreeable mezzo-soprano voice, which she uses artistically, and Mr. F. Sullivan, who no less by his singing than his acting contributed greatly to the success of the performance.

The original plot has been adhered to with fidelity. The Knights of the Round Table, with Roland, the son of Charlemagne, at their head, are exhibited in ludicrous guise, and all the poetic associations connected with chivalry are turned into ridicule. At the commencement of the story Roland is found in a state of inglorious inactivity, enthralled by the blandishments of Melusine, to whom he has sworn eternal fidelity. From this unheroic apathy he is at length awakened by the announcement of a tournament to be given by the Duke de Rodomont, an impudent potentate, who, being anxious to escape from the expense of maintaining his only daughter, Angélique, has announced that her hand shall be the prize of the principal victor, the other prizes being a pair of plated candlesticks, and a German silver watch. Roland vanquishes all comers, and is awarded the hand of the Princess, but Melusine gives him a sleeping draught which confines him to his tent for two days, and during his sleep she puts his armour on Medor, a young minstrel who loves and is beloved by Angélique, to whom he is married (with his visor down), everyone supposing him to be Roland. Of course all ends happily. The comic business of the piece chiefly devolves on the "Duke" (Mr. F. Sullivan); the "Duchess" (Miss Armstrong); "Merlin the Enchantress" (Mr. Collini); and "Sacripant the Seneschal" (Mr. Riley). The young Duchess (Rodomont's second wife) is only allowed by her husband the inadequate sum of £3 10s. per annum for dresses, yet she wears most gorgeous toilets, to the bewilderment of the imbecile Duke, who is with difficulty convinced that the expense has been met by household economies. It appears, however, that the necessary funds have been secretly obtained by the sale of the Duke's gold coronet, and the Duchess is in dismay when the Duke calls for his coronet, on the morning of the tournament. The difficulty is overcome by Merlin, who substitutes a zinc coronet covered with gold leaf; and between whom and the Duchess there are relations of an equivocal character in the original French piece, but which are only dimly indicated in the English adaptation. The pecuniary difficulties of the Duke and his continual display of jealousy afford abundant merriment. It will be seen that the plot is of the weakest description, but it affords opportunities for the introduction of solos and concerted pieces, which though, scarcely equal in merit to the later productions of M. Hervé, were received with cordial approval. The orchestra, though small in number, has been well selected, and is conducted by M. Audibert with great ability.

It is to be regretted that the instrumental accompaniments are not those written by M. Hervé. It is most unfair to a composer to place before the public an opera ostensibly composed by him, but of which the instrumentation has been furnished by somebody else. The orchestration of an opera is of almost equal importance to the vocal melodies. It is part of the entire conception, and is stamped with the individuality of its author. No matter how clever he may be, who, from the slight indication of a pianoforte score, constructs what he thinks to be suitable instrumentation, it cannot be expected that he should clothe his mind with the idea and the spirit of the original composer; and either operas should be produced with the original instrumentation of their composers, or not at all. M. Hervé, having failed in due time to place his work under the protection of our copyright laws, has no remedy, and can only record his protest against the injustice inflicted upon his reputation. To say that, because a composer's work is non-copyright, it may not only be produced without his sanction, but hacked to pieces as well, reflects little credit on those who make the assertion, and profit by the plunder.

MISS LYDIA THOMPSON's success with Mr. Farnie's musical extravaganza, *Blue Beard*, has been so great that she has decided on prolonging her stay in London, and we are able to announce that at Christmas next she will remove with her company to the Globe Theatre.

M. OFFENBACH'S *Whittington and His Cat*, the only opera written by him to English words, will be produced at the Alhambra Theatre in December. The copyright has been purchased by Messrs. Cramer, Wood, and Co.

MR. BURNAND'S *Ixion*, with the addition of new music, will be the next novelty at the Opéra Comique, "Ixion" being played by Miss Patty Laverne, and "Venus" by Miss Amy Sheridan.

MISS ROSE HERSEE is convalescent, and has this week joined the Carl Rosa opera company as *prima donna assoluta*. At the close of her operatic engagement she will sing (during the last three weeks of November) at the Covent Garden Promenade Concerts.

Les Prés St. Gervais, the new opera by Mr. Charles Lecocq, will be brought out at the Criterion Theatre a fortnight after its first production in Paris. The libretto and music have been sent in duplicate as soon as written, the dresses and scenery have been prepared in conformity with the Parisian *mise en scène*, and every effort has been made to produce the opera as brilliantly as in Paris.

The Covent Garden Promenade Concerts enjoy uninterrupted success. On Monday last Madame Lemmens-Sherrington made her first appearance this season, and was warmly welcomed. Madame Sinico will make her first appearance on Monday next, Madame Alvsleben on Saturday next, and Miss Rose Hersee on Monday, November the 9th. The famous dance composer Herr Gungl will make his first appearance on Saturday next.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

THE will and codicil, dated June 17, 1871, and April 13 last, of the Right Hon. William Richard, Earl Annesley, late of The Castle, Castlewellen, in the county of Down, who died, on Aug. 9, at Cowes, were proved at Belfast on the 15th ult., by Priscilla Cecilia, Countess Annesley, the mother of the deceased, and William Armitage Moore, the executors, the aggregate value of the personal estate in England, Ireland, and Scotland being sworn under £35,000. The Irish probate was sealed at the principal registry, London, on the 3rd inst. The testator, among other legacies, bequeaths £1000 to his executors, to be distributed by them in charity; the residue of his personal estate he gives to his mother. All his real estate in Ireland he devises to the use of his brother Hugh for life, with remainder to his sons, according to seniority.

The confirmation under seal of the Commissariat of Edinburgh of the Right Hon. Marianne, Dowager Baroness Dunfermline, late of Colinton House, Edinburgh, who died Aug. 2 last, granted to the Hon. Mary Catherine Abercromby, the granddaughter and executrix, was sealed in London on the 13th inst. The personal effects in Scotland and England are under the value of £6000.

The will, dated September 11, 1869, of the Hon. George Wentworth Fitzwilliam, late of Milton Park, near Peterborough, who died on March 4 last, was proved on the 14th inst., by Orlando John George Bridgeman Bridgeman-Simpson and the Hon. William Henry Fitzwilliam, the nephews, the executors, the personal estate, including leasehold, being sworn under £50,000. The testator bequeaths to his wife, the Hon. Alice Louise Fitzwilliam, certain furniture and pecuniary legacies, amounting together to £11,500; he also gives her his estate at Morborne, Huntingdonshire, for life, or so long as she shall continue his widow. Between his younger children he leaves £30,000 less one shilling. All his real estate he devises to the use of his eldest son, and the residue of his personal estate is left upon similar trusts. The testator desires his younger sons to be brought up and educated in such manner as will enable and befit them to make their own way in the world and to support themselves independently of any fortune they may derive under his will.

The will of Lieutenant-General the Right Honourable Sir Henry Knight Storks, G.C.B., deceased, late of the Albany, Piccadilly, has been proved in the principal registry of her Majesty's Court of Probate, by Sir Charles Lennox Wyke, K.C.B., her Majesty's Minister at Copenhagen, and Mr. Collyer-Bristow, of Bedford-row, London, the executors and trustees. The testator devised his real estate at Manchester, Salford, and elsewhere to the trustees, upon trust to pay annuities of considerable amount to his son, Henry Nizzoli Reeve Storks, and other persons, and subject thereto upon trusts by way of settlement for the benefit of his daughter, Sophia Henrietta Storks, and her issue; and he bequeathed his general personal estate to his executors, upon trust for the benefit of his daughter, subject to pecuniary legacies to the executors and others. The personal estate was sworn under £45,000.

The will, with one codicil, dated respectively Jan. 4, 1873, and Aug. 8 last, of Lieutenant-General Thomas Ferguson Fleming, late of No. 9, Colville-gardens, Notting-hill, who died on Aug. 30, was proved, on the 12th inst., by Miss Emily Peirce Thomson, the sister; Miss Mary Elizabeth Tritton, the niece; and Mrs. Charlotte Fleming, the widow, under £8000.—From the "Illustrated London News" of Oct. 24, 1874.

GO WEST.—At the Sycamore (III.) Meeting a well-to-do but penurious farmer, twelve miles from home, drove up to the gates upon the fourth day with his whole family to see the races. The gatekeeper asked for tickets, at which the farmer mildly rebuked him, and gave the gatekeeper to understand that he did not know his business—that it was a free day. Some vigorous English was indulged in, and the farmer in defence of his free-day theory read therefrom, "Friday, Sept. 4.—Purse \$1000, free for all." "Yes, 'free for all,'" repeated the old man, "now let me in." Explanations by the gatekeeper were of no use. The old gentleman turned about and drove his family home again, fully believing himself to be a swindled biped—an outraged man.

M. THIERS AS A BRIGAND.—The *Figaro* has published a long article describing the manner in which, according to its special information, M. Thiers has been arrested by Italian brigands in the environs of Montefiascone, in a forest of oaks. Of course the whole narrative is only a pleasantry. The ex-president, thus captured, is declared to have written to his family to inform them that he was detained by those bandits, who treated him, however, with much consideration, and that at the moment of his writing the question of his ransom was being debated. The *Soir*, on its side, pursuing the jest, declares very gravely that it has received private information about the captive of Montefiascone, and even produces a speech by M. Thiers to the brigands, in which he declares that the gendarmes have now completed their time, and that the turn of the thieves and murderers has arrived. This harangue, which is said to have excited the loudest acclamations of the band, led to the prisoner being proclaimed captain of the band. But the illustrious old man, rejecting with a modesty full of dignity the title and functions offered him, replied (always according to the *Soir*), "No, gentlemen, I cannot be your chief, for I have already entered into engagements with the Radicals of France, and cannot depart from what I have promised." M. Thiers was then liberated. Continuing the story, the *Figaro* now gives us the debate about the ransom. The brigand chief who speaks to M. Thiers is really an amusing personage:—"I have already told you," continued he, "that we have accurately the state of your fortune, and I will now prove the fact. You possess four shares of the mines of Anzin, each worth 1,500,000 fr.; you have several other sources of revenue; you have no children; you are the proprietor of an hotel which cost one million and fifty-three thousand francs; you have also ground near the Bois de Boulogne; therefore in asking you for three millions of francs we do not ruin you. Be reasonable," he continued, seeing M. Thiers make a gesture of impatience at the very mention of such a ransom; "if you yield with a good grace, you will soon be restored to your precious books and studies; and, besides, what can a sum of three millions signify to a man who has paid five milliards to the enemy?"—"I never paid it," interposed M. Thiers with great animation; "it was France who did so."—"Excuse me," rejoined the brigand, "I never read anything but the *Bien Public*, your own organ at Paris, and that journal has repeatedly affirmed that you disbursed the money." This last mot almost suffices to justify the tale invented by the *Figaro*, if, indeed, it required any excuse.

EPPS'S COCOA.—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.—The agreeable character of this preparation has rendered it a general favourite. Made simply with boiling water or milk. Each packet is labelled JAMES EPPS & CO., Homeopathic Chemists, 48, Threadneedle Street, and 170, Piccadilly. Works for Dietetic Preparations, Euston Road and Camden Town.—[ADVR.]

HORSES.—TAYLOR'S COUGH POWDERS.—To be had of chemists, 2s. 6d. per box, eight powders. These powders will be found the best remedy for horses' coughs, colds, sore throats, influenza, &c., and, as they are given in a bran mash, will be found the best means of giving medicines and obviating the danger of choking, so liable in giving a ball when horses are suffering from sore throat, &c.—[ADVR.]

Foreign Correspondence.

PARIS, Thursday, October 22.

The Prince of Wales has been making terrible havoc over here among the pheasants; indeed, he seems to have quite astonished the crack shots of the Cercle des Patineurs, whose members are looked upon as the best marksmen, with a sporting gun, in France. On Friday, in the preserves adjoining the Château des Forêts, where eighty men had been stationed for the express purpose of beating up the game, he brought down eighty birds in a very short time, beating the Marquis de Lau, the celebrated pigeon shot, and the Duke de la Tremouille, by over a dozen brace of birds. On Monday he tried his hand in the preserves of the Château de Rambouillet, the country seat of the Duke de la Tremouille, where, in spite of the rain, which showered down in torrents, twelve hundred head of game fell to ten guns, the Prince bringing down more than one hundred and fifty brace, although opposed to such splendid shots as Baron Hottinguer and the Marquis de Lau. On Wednesday they shot at Chantilly with even greater success, Marshal MacMahon taking part in the battue, and to-day the Duke d'Aumale gives a stag hunt. Tomorrow there is to be a grand day in the Marly woods, which are well stocked with game, and where Marshal MacMahon has made grand preparations for the reception of the Prince from a sporting point of view, *bien entendu*.

The second day of the Autumn Meeting at Chantilly was held last Sunday, and on this occasion a much larger attendance gathered on the course than on the opening day. This was, perhaps, principally owing to the fact of the races being more interesting. Two of them were exclusively reserved for two-year-olds, and these naturally excited a good deal of attention among the sporting community. The weather was remarkably fine, and the ground in admirable condition. Both the Duke d'Aumale and the Duke de Nemours were on the course, and seemed to take a lively interest in what was going on.

The first race, the Prix de Mortefontaine, was for 80 sovs., for three-year-olds and upwards not having won a race in 1874. All horses to be claimed for £160. Distance one mile and three furlongs. This was won by M. de la Charme's Buffon, by Beauvais out of Duplicity, Prophétie, belonging curiously enough to the same gentleman, coming in second, a head behind the winner, with M. André's Reine de Saba third, beaten by a length. The winner was claimed by M. Clayton for £209. The stakes amounted to £99.

The Prix d'Hallate, of 80 sovs., was for two-year-olds. Entrance 2 sovs each. The winner to be claimed for £200. Distance about a mile. This race was won very cleverly by Mr. Hennessy's Monsieur Pochet, by Marignon out of Débutante, who rushed to the front at the end, conquering Mr. Fould's Gâcher by a length and a half. M. Willer's Port Said was third; about half a length behind the second horse. The winner was bought by the owner for £89. The stakes amounted to £114.

The Prix de la Table, of 120 sovs., for three-year-olds that had not won, this year, a race value £200, fell to Count de Juigne's Tartane, by Dollar out of Lady Tartuffe. The entrance was 4 sovs., and the distance two miles. Count F. de Lagrange's Combat was second, and M. A. Desvigne's Androcles third. The winner passed the post at a canter two lengths in front, and half a length separated the second and third. Sixteen ran, and the stakes amounted to £147 10s., which went to the first horse, the second receiving £31 10s.

The Prix de Condé was the most important race of the day. It was for two-year-olds, distance one mile and a quarter, entrance 8 sovs., £200 being added to the subscription money, making a total of £339. Fourteen horses started, and after a very spirited race, M. Lupin's Almanza, by Dollar out of Bravade, took the lead and won in a canter by two lengths. M. Henry's Flamen was second, and Count F. de Lagrange's Vivacité third, two lengths separating the second and third horses. The betting was 7 to 1 against Almanza, 8 to 1 against Flamen, and 6 to 1 against Vivacité.

The Prix de Château Lafitte was a handicap of 120 sovs., for three-year-olds and upwards, entrance 2 sovs. each, distance one mile and a half. Twenty-one ran. The prize fell to Major Fridolin's Finisterre, by Tournament out of Finlande, who won easily by two lengths. M. Lupin's Perla was second, and Baron Rothschild's Enchanteur II. third. The stakes amounted to £134.

We have had two nice little items of theatrical scandal during the week, which have afforded the *flaneurs* on the Boulevards and the readers of theatrical gossip in the daily papers ample amusement. One, which you have doubtless already heard of, has reference to M. Faure, but the other is more *piquant*, and, although highly agreeable to a Parisian palate, is not likely to be much talked of abroad. M. Faure has resigned his engagement at the opera, and has been exchanging letters with M. Halanzier, his late manager, in the public press. M. Faure's story is that, when he entered into a verbal agreement with M. Halanzier to sing at the French Opera House, it was stipulated that he should receive 1500 francs, or £60, for each appearance, and that no one else at the opera should be paid at a higher rate than himself. This arrangement was carried out until Madame Patti de Caux arrived in Paris, when M. Halanzier, after some negotiation, consented to pay her £200 a night for, I believe, six performances, and, in order to make the two ends meet, he almost doubled the rates of admission to the opera. When Madame Patti was announced to sing in aid of the emigrants from Lorraine and Alsace, M. Faure asked to be allowed to take part in the same performance, but was refused. Now this is what really appears to have annoyed him; and, being perfectly well aware that he could, at any time, get as good an engagement, if not a more profitable one, in America or Russia, he announced his intention to resign his post. It is not for me to say whether he has acted rightly or wrongly. He justifies the course he has adopted by asserting that M. Halanzier has infringed the rules of the theatre, and broken faith with him, while M. Halanzier clothes himself in his dignity, and confines himself to saying that he is manager and free to act as he thinks proper. The question has been taken up by the newspapers, and M. Faure, after being first of all puffed up and lauded to the skies without effect, is now accused, in the most gushing language imaginable, by the unmanly scribblers of theatrical gossip, of preferring foreign gold to French banknotes and Parisian bravos. Thus the breach has been getting wider and wider every day, and Madame Nilsson, having mixed herself up in the quarrel, the matter has now become somewhat complicated. This lady had accepted an engagement at the same rate as Faure, namely, £60 a performance, with the stipulation that no one was to be paid more than herself at the opera, and she had consented to open the New Opera House, with Faure, in *Hamlet*. Now, however, she declares that M. Halanzier has broken the agreement by giving Patti £200 a night, and she demands to be remunerated at the same rate. Altogether M. Halanzier seems to have got himself into a nice mess. Actors, actresses, and singers are a difficult class of people to deal with at all times, but when they happen to be public favourites, and to hold such exalted positions as M. Faure and Madame Nilsson, managers should be very careful not to offend them.

The very charming but apparently very wilful Zulma Bouffar

is associated with the other item of theatrical scandal to which I referred above. This young lady is well-known as a clever burlesque actress, and a great favourite at the Théâtre des Variétés, where she has now been engaged for some years. She was to have taken one of the principal characters in Sardou's new opéra-bouffe, *Les Prés St. Gervais*, but she did not like the part that was given her, and declared that, unless she could have somebody else's, she would not play in the piece at all. It reminded one of the naughty child crying for his brother's or sister's toy. The manager, although having power to compel her to play the part given out to her, thought that the best way to avoid any further bother would be to leave her alone, and he accordingly arranged for some one else to take the character she had refused. This course, however, did not suit Mdlle. Zulma's book. The willful girl, finding herself left out in the cold altogether, as it were, and the rehearsals going on just as well without her, now asks, through the medium of a lawyer, to have her part given back to her, and threatens, in the event of refusal, to bring an action against her manager, fixing the damages at 20,000 francs (£800). Madame Peschard, of Opéra-Bouffe celebrity, and a very clever actress, is the name of her successor.

Patti has sung in *Faust* at the French Opera since I last wrote. She took the part of 'Marguerite,' and was, of course, perfection. It is needless to add that the house was crowded to excess, the audience comprising all the cream of Parisian society. I noticed Madame de MacMahon, M. d'Harcourt, the ex-Queen of Spain, the Prince and Princess Troubetzkoi, the Rothschilds, and almost all the diplomatic body. Last night she sang again in *Faust*, and thus brought her series of performances to a close.

M. Offenbach has another opéra-bouffe in preparation for the Variétés. MM. Meilhac and Halévy are writing the libretto, and Madame Schneider will create the principal part.

I mentioned in my last letter but one that the *revues de fin d'année*, or reviews of the year, which occupy over here the place of our pantomimes, were being rapidly pushed forward, and I am now in a position to name those which will be produced at the principal Parisian theatres. At the Variétés we shall have *La Revue à la Vapeur*, by MM. Siraudin, Montréal, and Blondeau; at the Château d'Eau, *La Malle des Indes*, by MM. Clairville and W. Busnach; at Cluny, *La Boutique à Treize*, by MM. Georges Duval and Christian de Trogoff; at the Délassemes Comiques, *Je demande la Parole*, by M. Saint-Aignan Choler; at the Folies Marigny, *As-tu vu Vénus?* by M. Charles Gabet; at the Saint-Pierre, *Faut pas croire ça*, by MM. Michel Bordet, Montbars, and Alphonse Richard. MM. Félix Savard and Hervil are writing that of the Tour d'Auvergne, and M. Lucien Durat that of the Gaudriole, late Folies-Belleville, but the titles of these last two are not yet settled.

The performance at the French Opera in aid of the emigrants from Lorraine and Alsace produced 38,875 fr. (£1555). The expenses of the evening comprising the percentage on the receipts due to the authors of the pieces and the Paris hospitals; the cost of lighting the theatre, printing bills, postage, firemen, military guard, &c., amounted to 2734 fr. 68 c. (£109 7s. 9d.), making a net total of 36,140 fr. 32 c. (£1445 12s. 3d.) that was handed over to the emigrants.

Two composers died here during the past week. One, named Ludovic Benza, was the teacher and trainer of Mdlle. Amiatti, the present star of the Eldorado, the music hall where the now famous Judic made her great success as a singer and actress. The other was named Telfsen; he was a native of Norway, but came to Paris at the age of twenty. At the time of his death he had been living here for two-and-twenty years. He was a pupil of Chopin, Reber, and Maldec, and was known as an accomplished pianist and a talented composer.

D'Ennery's last comedy, *Marcelle*, has proved unsuccessful at the Vaudeville. It has been removed from the bill and replaced by *Berthe d'Estrées*, by Rivière. To-day, *Faits divers*, a play in three acts, by Paul Manuel, was successfully produced at the Théâtre de Cluny. It is announced that Mdlle. Sebel, a young and pretty Swede, as fair as the blonde, Nilsson, will make her *début* at the Italian Opera House, in *Martha*. On Saturday, *Les Cocottes en Sucre*, a *fantaisie* in three acts, was played for the first time at the Théâtre des Folies Marigny, the little theatre in the Champs Elysées. The Cirque d'Hiver opened for the season on Friday. The rehearsals are being pushed forward at the Théâtre de l'Opéra Populaire. It is expected to open on Sunday. Mdlle. Agar is playing at Nantes, in *Polyeucte* and *Les Plaideurs*, *Le Passage de Vénus*, a *fantaisie astronomique* in two acts, by MM. Léonce Martin and E. Jarel, will soon be brought out at the Alhambra Music Hall. On Tuesday last, *Tricoche et Cacolet* was revived at the Palais Royal, for the *rentrée* of MM. Brasseur and Gil Perez. As I suggested was probably the case last week, Mdlle. Fargueil has an engagement to fulfil at the Ambigu Comique previous to her return to the Vaudeville. She will play the principal lady's part in the new play by Ernest Blum, entitled *Rose Michel*, and will receive £12 a night. A series of fifty performances are guaranteed to her. *Les Amoureux de Catherine*, by MM. Jules Barbier and Henri Maréchal, is in rehearsal at the Opéra Comique. I was wrong in stating last week that *La Jolie Parfumeuse* would be succeeded at the Bouffes Parisiennes by *La Timbale d'Argent*. It seems that *La Jolie Parfumeuse* will be kept on the bill until the end of the present month, when the new piece, *Madame l'Archiduc*, will be produced. On Sunday M. Ballaude began his *matinées* at the Théâtre de la Porte St. Martin. The entertainment commenced with a prologue by M. Demény, author of *La Flèche de Diane*, followed by Corneille's *Horace*, with M. Maubant in the part of the elder 'Horace,' and wound up by a conference by M. François Surcyn on the piece. *La Fiancée du Roi de Garbes* will be performed at the Folies Dramatiques at the end of the month. *L'Idole*, a drama in four acts by M. Crisafulli, is in rehearsal at the Théâtre des Arts. The examinations for admission to the Conservatoire commenced on the 14th, and finish on the 29th. On Tuesday *Le Royaume des Pots*, a fairy piece, by MM. Montbars and Guénée, was brought out at the Théâtre St. Pierre. A *vaudeville* in one act by MM. Paul Mejan and Emile d'Arnou, entitled *Oh! ces Hommes*, has been put into rehearsal at the same theatre. On Sunday there was a grand concert at Tivoli Vauxhall in aid of the society of *employés* of wholesale Paris hatters. The Folies Montholon opened on Saturday with *Cadet-Roussel*, and *Dumollet, Gribouille et Cie*, from the pen of Clairville. M. Ch. Garnier, the architect of the New Opera House, has promised to hand the building over to M. Halanzier, the manager, not later than the 4th of November. On the 13th of the present month, the Théâtre Bouffes was opened at St. Petersburg with *La Fille de la Halle* by Clairville, Siraudin, and Koning; music by Charles Lecocq. The manager of the Gymnase has under consideration a play in four acts by M. Henri Juclier. The scene is laid in Paris during the Restoration. The Théâtre Lyrique will open as soon as the French Opera is located in its new building. Among the new operas that will be played there this winter are the *Olef d'or*, words by M. Octave Feuillet, music by M. Gautier; and one in three acts, by M. Sardou, music by M. Deffès. Madame Montague, mother of Marie Rose, has just died here. Some years ago she was well known as a singer, her professional name being Madame Ponsin. It is reported that the Vaudeville Théâtre is likely to change hands at the commencement of the year. The Théâtre de Cluny will soon recommence its Sunday *matinées littéraires*.

The Théâtre de Lafayette will, it is announced, shortly reopen. The programme will be a prologue in verse, entitled *Pendons Nous*, by MM. Calixte Gedhé and Coron; *Les Chants de Béranger*, by Clairville, and *Les Orphelines de Walnèze*, by Eugène Grange. The Alcazar Music Hall, too, will soon reopen under an entirely new management. The other night, at the Ambigu Comique, M. Paul Deshayes, while performing in *L'Officier de Fortune*, met with a nasty accident. The portion of the stage on which he was standing suddenly gave way, and he was precipitated below, bruising himself severely about the loins. He was so much shaken that he was unable to go on with his part, which was ultimately continued by M. Simon. Mdlle. Pauline Granger, of the Comédie Française, has left for Brussels, where she has been engaged to play in *Monsieur Alphonse*. On Tuesday night the Prince of Wales witnessed the performance of *Orphée aux Enfers* at the Théâtre de la Gaîté, and, according to the French papers, appeared highly amused with the entertainment. The receipts on the first night *Faust* was given at the opera, with Patti amounted to 28,027 fr.

THE MELBOURNE CUP.

BY LINDSEY GORDON.

There's a lull in the tumult on yonder hill,
And the clamour has grown less loud,
Though the Babel of tongues is never still,
With the presence of such a crowd.

The bell has rung. With their riders up
At the racing post they muster,
The racers strip't for the "Melbourne Cup,"
All gloss, and polish, and lustre;

And the course is seen, with its emerald sheen,
By the bright spring-tide renew'd,
Like a ribbon of green, stretching out between
The ranks of the multitude.

The flag is lowered. "They're off," "They come."
The squadron is sweeping on;

A sway in the crowd—a murmuring hum!
"They're here!" "They're past!" "They're gone!"

They came with the rush of the southern surf
On the bar of the storm-girt bay;

And like muffled drums on the sounding turf
Their hoof-strokes echo away.

The rose and black draws clear of the ruck,
And the murmur swells to a roar,
As the brave old colours that never were struck
Are seen with the lead once more.

Though the feathery ferns and grasses wave
O'er the sods where Lantern sleeps,
Though the turf is green on Fisher's grave,
The stable its prestige keeps.

Six lengths in front she scours along;
She's bringing the field to trouble;
She's tailing them off, she's running strong,
She shakes her head and pulls double.

Now Minstrel falters, and Exile flags,
The Barb finds the pace too hot
And Tony Boy loiters, and Play Boy lags,
And the bolt of Ben Bolt is Shot.

That she never may be caught this day
Is the worst the public wish her,
She won't be caught; she comes right away;
Hurrah for Sea-Gull and Fisher!

See, Strop falls back, though her loins are slack,
Sultana begins to tire,
And the top-weight tells on the Sidney crack
And the pace on "the Gipps Land flyer."

The rowels, as round the turn they sweep,
Just graze Tim Whiffler's flanks,
Like the hunted deer that flies through the sheep,
He strides through the beaten ranks.

Daughter of Omen, prove your birth;
The colt will take lots of choking;
The hot breath steams at your saddle-girth
From his scarlet nostril smoking.

The shouts of the ring for a space subside,
And slackens the bookmakers' roar;
Now, Davis, rally; now, Carter, ride
As man never rode before.

When sparrow-hawk backers cease to cheer,
When Yattendon's frauds are dumb,
When hushed is the clamour for Volunteer—
Alone in the race they come.

They're neck and neck; they're head and head;
They're stroke for stroke in the running,
The whalebone whistles, the steel is red,
No shirking as yet, nor shunning.

One effort Sea Gull, the blood you boast
Should struggle when nerves are strained:
With a rush on the post by a neck at most,
The verdict for Tim is gained.

Tim Whiffler wins. Is blood alone
The *sine quâ non* for a flyer?
The breed of his dam is a myth unknown,
And we've doubts respecting his sire.

Yet few (if any) whose proud names are
On pages of peage or stud,
In whose scutcheon lurks no sinister bar—
No taint of the base black blood.

Ay, Shorthouse, laugh—laugh loud and long,
For pedigree you're a sticker;
You may be right,—I may be wrong,
Wiseacres both!—Let's liquor.

Our common descent we may each recall
To a lady of old caught tripping,
The fair one in fig leaves, who d—d us all
For a bite at a golden pippin.

THE MILITARY HURDLE RACE AT ELTHAM.—The objection raised by Lord Marcus Beresford to Marquis of Montrose for the above race was entertained at Croydon on Wednesday, when Capt. Pigott and Mr. C. Bevill, acting for the stewards, decided in favour of the Marquis, the judge's verdict being thus undisturbed.



SCENE FROM "RICHARD COEUR-DE-LION" AT DRURY LANE THEATRE.



ON THE PIT TIER.

ON THE PIT TIER.

"THERE she is!—looking this way now—deuced fine-looking woman, don't you think?"—and so forth, with any number of notes of admiration interjected into their conversation. As I lean back in my stall between the acts, I have the full benefit of the aforesaid conversation between Captain Roddy and Lieutenant Noddy, as they stand in the entrance and direct their opera-glasses to that snug little box over the way, on the pit tier, where that golden-haired little lady sits half concealed behind the red curtain, gently oscillating her fan to and fro, and, half listening to the hum of conversation round her, looks absently across in the direction of the two gallant gentlemen who have been so suddenly smitten with her attractions.

Poor Noddy, pray don't flatter yourself that you have all at once inspired a *grande passion*. Not at all. She is thinking neither of your washed-out whitey-brown little countenance nor of the Captain's ferocious moustachios. If she is conscious of anything beyond the dreamy enjoyment of having nothing to do but to sit still and be amused, it is of the strains of "Ah! si ben mio," which yet linger in her ears, or of some vague speculation as to how "la bella Adelina" will sing in the next act.

Her Ladyship is in her own box, that little box which it cost her so much coaxing to get her liege lord and master to subscribe for at the beginning of the season, and she is seldom away from Covent Garden, you may be sure, especially on "Patti" nights. See now, the orchestra are in their places. A burst of melody; up goes the curtain; her gaze is once more directed to the stage. Roddy and Noddy drop their loud talk and their notes of admiration simultaneously, and leave us to our own speculations and surmises as to the pleasures or advantages of occupation or ownership of a box on the pit tier.

THE SCIENCE OF SMUGGLING.—The Boston *Commercial Bulletin*, in an article on smuggling at the port of New York, relates the following story:—"There is a very important traffic carried on in diamonds over the various European lines to this country, and as the duty is 10 per cent. *ad valorem*, the sharpest watch is kept upon those suspected to be engaged in it. By means of agents abroad, the collector's office has often information by cable of the departure from the various ports of suspected diamond smugglers, and is prepared to intercept them. In nine cases out of ten the stones are concealed upon the persons of the passengers. When this becomes a certainty, the passenger is arrested, and taken to the searcher's bureau in the Custom House. Here, if found necessary, the party is stripped to the skin, and his clothes examined inch by inch and seam by seam; the heels are taken from his boots, his hair and beard are combed, and every means taken to discover the hiding place of the secreted treasures. Once this mode of search used to be tolerably successful, but now it rarely serves any purpose except in the case of raw recruits to the smuggling ranks. An old bird is caught with chaff but once. A New York Jew, who was reputed to be in the business of smuggling diamonds, used to cross the water on the Cunard line from three to four times a season. Two years ago, in the early part of the season, he was seized upon his arrival, and taken to the searcher's room. Nearly \$1000 worth of precious stones were found secreted in the lining of his boots. He returned to Liverpool by the same steamer, and four weeks afterwards again landed upon the company's wharf on North River. He was again seized and subjected to the same rigorous search, but with no success. The Jew took it smilingly and philosophically. When he took his leave, he said, 'Better luck next time, gentlemen. I shall go back by the same steamer on business, and when I return, you can try it again.' The officers mentally determined, if he did, they would try it again. Upon enquiry, it was found

that he really had engaged a return passage, having held his state-room for that purpose. Two hours before the sailing of the steamer he was driven down to the pier in his carriage, his wife and daughter with him to see him off. When they returned, they carried with them over \$10,000 worth of diamonds, which had lain secreted in his state-room during the whole time the steamer had remained in port. Before his return to New York the collector was notified by one of the revenue agents abroad that 'Max Fischer would return by the —, which would leave Liverpool October 25, with several thousand dollars' worth of diamonds.' In due time the Jew arrived, and for the third time was escorted before the searcher. He was evidently not prepared for such persistent attention. He seemed nervous and agitated, and finally attempted to compromise. He was politely informed that that was out of the question. He was again put through the searching process. His pocket-book, which was first investigated, revealed a memorandum showing the purchase of 18 diamonds of various sizes and prices, amounting in all to about \$12,000. When this came to light, the Jew begged with tears to be allowed to compromise. A deaf ear was turned to his entreaties. His coat was removed and the lining examined. Nothing there. Then the waistcoat. As the searcher passed his practical fingers along the lining, his heart gave a tremendous thump as he recognised the 'feel' of something pebbly, like little rows of buttons. The garment was hastily ripped, a strip of chamois skin withdrawn and unrolled, and there they lay, one, two, three—eighteen! All there. 'You can put on your coat and waistcoat again, Mr. Fischer,' said the searcher blandly. 'Good day.' Without a word the Jew departed, took a horse-car home, kissed his family, ate a rousing dinner, repaired to the bath-room, and after soaking a rather capacious plaster across the small of his back for a few minutes in warm water, peeled it off, and with it '18 diamonds of various costs and prices.' What the searcher and collector may have said or thought when they found their seizure to be nothing but clever glass imitations, worth from 10 to 30 cents each, nobody knows, as, although the seizure was loudly heralded, the *finale* was never made public."

NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.

All Advertisements intended for insertion in the Saturday's issue of the "ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS," must be posted so as to arrive not later than Wednesday evening, addressed to "The Publisher," 198, Strand, W.C. Scale of Charges for Advertisements on application.

NOTICE TO THE TRADE.

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No notice will be taken of enquiries as to the time of horses being scratched for their engagements, other than appears in the usual column devoted to such information.

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THE ILLUSTRATED Sporting and Dramatic News.

LONDON: SATURDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1874.

WE suppose we must thank the inventors and advocates of competitive examinations for endless "shows" of all kinds, commencing with barmaids and babies and ending with bees, which are announced to take place in every corner of the Kingdom. Of course the "noble animal" first came in for competitive recognition, and there gradually arose out of prize-horse classes at agricultural shows those exhibitions at the Agricultural Hall and elsewhere which now form prominent features of the London season. Of course the transition from the horse to the dog was easy and natural enough, and it is beyond our province here to notice the further development of the exhibition mania in the direction of poultry, pigeons, cats, canary-birds, and other domestic favourites. Little did the originator of dog shows know "the direful spring of woes unnumbered" tapped by him in his desire to benefit the canine species, and to foster a "doggy" taste among the inhabitants of these islands. In our early days we cherished no very bright or saucy recollections of the class to which dog dealing was confined. Dog "dealing" was held to be an appropriate rhyme to some other proceeding in connection with them, which we have good reason to believe has not diminished in these latter days. Folks were pitifully ignorant of the various species of the family for which they professed so much affection and admiration. In the common mind, dogs were divided into three classes: the larger, the Newfoundland; the lesser, the "terrier"; and the least, the "toy-dawg" of the peripatetic Regent Street merchant. Of course, we are now speaking of the non-sporting division of dogs, as defined by fanciers; but even among their sporting relatives grave doubts and difficulties existed as to the various classes into which they should be subdivided. Soon dog shows waxed in number, importance, and quality, and it is only fair to state that prizes increased in a very creditable ratio; until we have the attractive exhibitions of the present day, metropolitan or provincial, with many animals of exceptional merit going the round of them all.

The utility of dog shows may be doubted when it is the fashion to judge all classes on the bench or in the show-yard. Sporting dogs are not rewarded according to the maxim that "handsome is that handsome does," but are awarded prizes merely for good looks (putting on one side the consideration of field trials); while the "mongrels, puppies, and whelps," of the non-sporting division are of course simply incapable of being judged by works, and must abide the issue of the judges' decision solely on the grounds of colour and "conformation." We have never heard it even alleged that dog shows have for their object the improvement of the various breeds; and their only effect on the canine race seems to have been to resuscitate some long-forgotten species, and to make as fine a distinction as possible between the different varieties. The first exhibitions were hardly so happy in their management as in their design, and it soon became apparent that the Solomons of the bench must be sought elsewhere than in the "fancy," whose decisions were strangely at variance with the verdict of not less discriminating but less prejudiced minds. Kissing notoriously went by favour, and all sorts of tricks and "fakings" were in vogue; while it soon became certain that no one outside certain cliques had a chance of successfully competing with the gang which held supreme command. Hence arose the necessity for a new order of things, for the so-called "professional" element could be borne with no longer under existing conditions, and the want was universally felt and the necessity acknowledged of some more trustworthy and conscientious tribunal taking the matter in

hand, whose influence might redeem dog shows from the discredit into which they had fallen, as mere benefits for members of the "long firm" and others, and to the exclusion of those elements so necessary to the permanent success of canine exhibitions--the support and countenance of those who bred for use and amusement rather than for profit.

As mere outsiders, and taking up a standpoint beyond the pale of the internal dissensions inevitably attendant upon any matters involving differences of opinion, we rather congratulated the doggy world upon the institution of a body which was to take upon its shoulders the responsibilities of conducting in a fair and impartial spirit competitive examinations between the "friends of man" in all their different orders and degrees. As one of those interested in dogs, and desirous of preserving intact some of the glorious old breeds which had been suffered to become well nigh extinct, we hailed the establishment of the Kennel Club as a step in the right direction, and mentally bade a long and joyful farewell to the régime under which dogs had been formerly shown and judged. The support of such a powerful and experienced organ as *The Field* considerably added to our confidence in the ultimate success of the club; while the personal assurances of the late Mr. P. J. Angell as to its policy lulled us into the conviction that the *aurea etas* had at length arrived, when dogs should be judged on their merits, and all external influences brought to bear on the judges be set aside for ever. It was in this spirit that we assisted at the last Crystal Palace Show; and although complaints were loud and frequent, we dismissed them from our consideration, deeming that it was the mere passionate outburst of complaint from a certain disappointed clique, when realising for the first time in their own defeat what was meant by a "fair field and no favour." But the malcontents seemed, unlike lunatics, to have been capable of combination; and this counter-movement has resulted in the establishment of the National Canine Society, in the arms of which the legion of disappointed exhibitors can find rest, thus dividing the army of canine *expositions* into two formidable camps, of which it is difficult to conjecture whether from their opposition good may ensue, or their rival claims be the means of causing the divided kingdom to fall. Owing to circumstances involving a fuller explanation than we are prepared to give, and for the particulars of which we must refer our readers to *The Field*, that journal has thought fit to dissociate itself for ever and aye from the Kennel Club, and to take, we trust, a line of its own, a course more worthy of public journalism, which should decline to connect itself with any clique whatever, or its judgment to be swayed by the proceedings of a totally irresponsible body. It may happen that this is the turning-point in the disputes of the canine world, and that all parties may henceforth agree to be bound by the golden rules of concord and to execute true judgment among the dog tribes. We have little hope of so happy a result, which all will confess to be absolutely necessary for the future management of dog shows. We can imagine no more difficult or delicate task than to give a righteous decision, which shall please all men, avert the merits of a class containing candidates, each perfect in the eyes of its owner and his friends. At the same time, any one having the courage to undertake so thankless a task should remember that

"Who seeks to please all men, each may,
And not himself offend,
He may begin his work to-day,
But God knows when he'll end."

We sincerely hope that the avowed dissociation of the leading organ on matters relating to the canine kingdom from the Kennel Club may lead to some independent action being taken in the matter; for the public, to whom managers and promoters naturally look for support, are not likely to come forward when they see a kingdom divided against itself, and each division professing to be the "sole proprietors" of reform and progress.

NEWTON, 1875.—Newton Races will commence next year on Wednesday, June 2.

LORD ROSEBURY sailed for America on Saturday last in the steamer *Algeria* from Liverpool. This will be his Lordship's second visit to the western continent.

FINISTERRE.—This aged mare, who was second for the Cambridgeshire two years ago, and is in the same race this season with 8 st. 4 lbs, won the Prix de Château-Laffitte at Chantilly, on Sunday last, and for that victory she will have to put up 3 lbs. extra on Tuesday, raising her weight to 8 st. 7 lbs.

VEDETTE.—This stallion, now twenty years old, by Voltigeur, dam by Birdcatcher out of Nan Darrell, and sire of Galopin, Gardevisure, Speculum, and other winners, was sold at Albert Gate on Monday to Mr. Blackman for 800 guineas, his destination being, we understand, the Dewhurst Stud Farm.

THE KNIGHT AND SIR ARTHUR.—Mr. James Peddie has sold The Knight for £210, to Mr. Upton, to go to Ireland, nearly double the price Mr. Peddie gave for the horse, with whom he afterwards won two races in Scotland. Sir Arthur did not break down, as reported, after winning at Edinburgh, and is in good work again.

JACKDAW, by Verdant out of Mishap (2 years), broke a blood-vessel while at exercise on Saturday at Newmarket. He won the Mount Harry Stakes at Lewes, when he was bought by Captain Machell for 350 guineas. He ran three times subsequently in the white jacket, winning a Selling Stakes at Derby, where he again changed hands, his purchaser being Mr. Gregory.

AVVENTURIÈRE.

ADVENTURER has certainly had a wonderful season, and has shown as good handicap form with Aventurière and Blantyre, besides others of lesser note, as with Apology in the more important contests of the year. It is always refreshing, too, to see such a staunch and constant upholder of our national pastime as Lord Ailesbury the owner of a good winner, more especially as his luck has been somewhat tantalising since the year when St. Albans made the colours of I Zingari as popular as the yellow of Russley or the spots of Aske. Our Masters of the Horse of late years have shown themselves something more than mere *diplétante* sportsmen, and though the Beaufort hoops are not so conspicuous as in the palmy days of Danebury, we still have the scarlet and white of Lord Bradford connecting the interests of statecraft and sport. Aventurière, by Adventurer out of Cantine, by Orlando out of Vivandière (own sister to Voltigeur), is the ninth foal of her dam, who, since 1863, down to the present year, has produced with the utmost regularity a foal in each season to such varied "followers" as St. Albans, Young Melbourn, Stockwell, Rataplan, Adventurer, Breadalbane, and Knight of the Garter. But charming as variety undoubtedly is, its results in Cantine's case have not been of a very gaudy description, as, with the marked exception of Cantine, her remaining produce have been lamentable failures so far at least as their racing careers are concerned. Cantine was a more than own age performer herself, and a great favourite of Lord Ailesbury's, who seems at length to have found the right cross for her speedy blood in Adventurer, who certainly gets his stock to stay—no slight recommendation in these days of mere "sprinting" sires, who must rest their reputations on some two-year-old flyer, or "Prince of the T.Y.C." The Adventurers seem to "train on," and we like animals which improve from two to three years old, as the reverse is generally the case, as countless examples amply testify. Not that we look upon Aventurière as a nonsuch, or regard her in any other light than that of a fair class handicap mare, who stays better than most of her contemporaries. "Beneath the good how far, but far above the"—general run of her own age, we shall be surprised if she develops into anything approaching a Cup mare, or prove herself to be within a stone of Apology. Aventurière is a bay, standing somewhat under fifteen three, and is more conspicuous for toughness and soundness than those grand attributes of high quality and truth of symmetry which we look for in animals of the best class. She is a fair, honest mare, but in no way remarkable, and might be useful in Queen's Plates next year, in moderate company. Her form has always been consistently second-rate, and though never "there" during her two-year-old career, she has always been "thereabouts" in such fields as generally contest Woodcotes, Champagnes, and the better class two-year-old races. This year her form has been of far higher character, for though she ran unplaced for the One Thousand, the Gratwicke and Nassau Stakes at Goodwood both fell to her prowess, and more recently she came victoriously through the Park Hill, the annals of which boast of so many illustrious names. Glover has had a wonderful run of good fortune in the big handicaps, but he thoroughly deserves success, and bids fair to stay as well as his Cesarewitch mount, not being one of the champagne and cigar school of jockeys who are hung on to by the children of Israel, but more like the older generation of his craft, who knew how to take advantage of youth and lightness. Nobody will grudge Alec Taylor a turn; and the long continued patronage of such men as Lord Ailesbury, and Messrs. Payne, Crawfurd, and Astley, is the best evidence of his ability and trustworthiness in administering so large a stable.

PLEBEIAN.

WE have frequently had occasion to remark, in compiling these equine biographies, without which our portraits of distinguished sires and racers would be incomplete, how often it happens that good blood works its way to the fore by sheer merit, like the good apprentices of the old story who begin with half a crown in their pockets, and finish up by marrying their rich masters' daughters and finally becoming lord mayors or civic dignitaries of high class. We can adduce other cases in point arising out of the decision of the late Middle Park Plate race. Neither of the first four whose "heads" caught Judge Clark's eye in such rapid succession would have been termed fashionably bred, had the casual student of Messrs. Weatherby's "Calendar of Races to Come" looked through it with a view to select likely candidates for distinction on the Turf from among the terribly high-bred cattle whose engagements are legion.

Plebeian, whose pedigree we shall hereinafter analyse at greater length, does not altogether belie his name if we look only at the antecedents of his sire and dam; and was not deemed worthy of incurring that multitude of forfeits which have brought so many of the so-called enterprising owners to grief in their racing transactions. Per Se is by Hermit (a sire some very wise people began by "crabbing" most unmercifully) out of a Voltigeur mare, bred very much after the fashion of Vedette, whose penalised scion, Galopin, filled a very glorious third place in the contest. Another Hermit colt finished fourth, and it is not a little singular how sparingly all of them were engaged; from which we may conclude either that their youthful promise was none of the highest, or that their breeding was not sufficiently high-sounding to qualify them for a heavier series of engagements. And yet upon investigation the blood will be found good enough, only that it descends through unknown or neglected channels.

Plebeian is by Joskin (a son of West Australian and Peasant Girl, by the Major from Glance) out of Queen Elizabeth, by Auto-crat out of Bay Rosalind, by Orlando out of Elopement, by Velocipede, her dam Scandal by Selim. With the first quarter of Plebeian's pedigree, all will be sufficiently familiar, but, so far as we know, the Major left no other daughter save Peasant Girl to the English stud. Auto-crat, the whilom favourite for the Derby in Andover's year, is better known perhaps as a moderately successful stallion, while Bay Rosalind's is a regular Hampton Court pedigree, and reads speedy enough in all conscience with its fusion of Orlando and Velocipede blood. Both sire and dam of Plebeian showed fair form, but nothing approaching even second-class racing ability. Joskin, who ran in many names and many colours, won his best race at Shrewsbury as a four-year-old, and also once managed to beat Defender for a Queen's Plate. He lasted on the Turf until the record of races past returned him as "aged," and, passing through various hands, came at last into Mr. Nelson's possession, where, we believe, he still continues. From a study of his performances, too long and unimportant to require a recapitulation here, we should judge him to be a moderate horse, who consistently ran up to his form in public, and such an animal as would be found invaluable for trials in a large stable. As "Vigilant" and "The Wizard" inform us, he was generally ridden by Humpage, a name of equal rusticity with his mount. Fordham, however, took him in hand on important occasions; and after Joskin's retirement into private life, Queen Elizabeth became his consort, and, with the exception of two St. Albans interventions, has been constant to him during her stud career. Like him, too, she was the property of many owners whilst in training, Mr. Ten Broeck, among others, having claimed

her to carry the orange and black belt, and being associated with some of her successes on the Turf.

After a chequered career, Mr. Nelson became her owner, and in due time she acquired some celebrity as the dam of Chawbacca, a racer of more than average merit, who scored a double Nursery victory at Oxford as a two-year-old, and finally broke down in good company during Siderolite's Goodwood Cup race. Virgin Queen was another of her produce, which showed more than average racing ability, and the old mare is so full of running blood that we need not wonder at like begetting like. Plebeian, as we have been credibly informed, might have been had for 50 guineas before he came up for sale among Mr. Nelson's lot at Newmarket. There, though his condition was anything but brilliant, he caught Tom Brown's eye, and Mr. Tattersall, in knocking him down to that trainer for 200 guineas, made a singularly happy prophecy as to his distinguished future. In time Mr. Christopher became his owner for 400 guineas, Mr. Foy, we believe, being associated with him in the bargain, and how he rewarded his purchasers' judgment the first time of asking is now a matter of history. Plebeian is a good hard bay colt, standing about 15 hands 3 inches in height, and may be described as a horse of fair quality, good substance, and excellent action. His head is rather plain, with the Melbourne lop ears, and his four white heels remind us somewhat of the Earl, who was also by a Melbourne horse out of an Orlando mare. He is, however, on somewhat a shorter leg, and generally a more compact horse than the sensational Danebury hero; and after the race we heard more than one good judge speak of him as the very "spit" of West Australian, while others professed to discern much of the Orlando character about him. We have no doubt both parties are right in their estimate of the result of the fusion of two such distinguished lines, and that Plebeian shares the characteristics of each family. The only exception we could take to the crack was his somewhat flat feet, but perhaps white heels tend to exaggerate this defect, as they certainly did in Lord Lyon's case, whose feet were also of the "duckbill" order.

* * * Since writing the above, we learn from *The Sportsman* that Joskin will stand next season at Highfield Hall, near St. Albans, along with King Victor.

SALE OF BLOOD STOCK AND HUNTERS AT TATTERSALL'S.

THE PROPERTY OF MR. W. BURTON.	Gs.
Bay yearling filly, by Camperdown—Lady Maud, by Thormanby	Mr. Wilson 10
Bay yearling colt, by Gemma Junior—Florence (or Flox), by Flatterer	Mr. M'Donogh 11
Bay colt, by Vedette—Lady Clinton, by Longbow, 2 yrs. Mr. Sankey 40	
QUEEN OF THE ROSES (sister to Primrose and King of the Roses), by Bonnyfield—Rosebud, 3 yrs.	Mr. C. Poole 350
Bay colt, by Lacydes—Peadown, 4 yrs.	Mr. Torkington 50
MANOLO, by Ventre St. Gris—Marguerite	Mr. Torkington 75
VEDETTE (sire of Galopin, Gardevisure, Speculum, &c.), by Voltigeur—Nan Darrell	Mr. Blackman 800
GLENALVON, by Glenalvon, dam by Safeguard	Mr. Bambridge 100
SKYLARK (sire in France)	Mr. Woodlands 40
FALSTAFF, by Flatterer—Faity, by Newcourt, 6 yrs.	Mr. Furley 41
EDWARD, by Ely—Acco, by Longbow, 6 yrs.	Mr. Peed 46
COUNTRY GIRL, by The Marquis—Exhibition (Victorious's dam), 4 yrs	
Mr. A. Goodman 45	
CANOPY (brother to Benedictine), by Cathedral—Alma, 4 yrs. Mr. Yates 170	
BRISBANE, by West Australian—Frenzy, 5 yrs.	Mr. R. Bell 103
ERGETIC, by Lord Lyon—Perseverance (Per Se's dam), 4 yrs	
Mr. Harris 55	
LA PARESSEUSE, by Loiterer—Recluse, 6 yrs.	Mr. Poole 500
DILATORY, by Loiterer—Recluse, covered by Vedette, 5 yrs. Mr. Woolfe 50	
FLORENCE (or Flox), by Flatterer—Jemima, by Newcourt, covered by Vedette	Mr. Hunter 40
RADIANCE, by Rataplan—Moonbeam, covered by Vedette	Mr. Blackman 110
Mr. J. Young Birdcatcher—Tell Tale, by Newminster, covered by Vedette	Mr. Green 35
BOXER SAUNTERER, by Saunterer—Pandora, by Cotherstone, 3 yrs	Mr. Champness 43
OPALINE, by Vertugadin—Ouvreuse, by Monarque, 2 yrs. Mr. Parsons 25	
Bay yearling colt, by Camerino—Secrecy, by Trumpeter. Mr. Woolfe 25	
Bay yearling colt, by Camerino—Cross Fire, by Vedette. Mr. Jones 31	
Chestnut yearling filly, by Camerino—Tattoo, by Rataplan, Mr. Woolfe 25	

THE PROPERTY OF MR. H. R. RAY.	Gs.
NORMINTON (foaled 1867), by Thormanby—Emily, by Stockwell	Mr. W. Blenckiron 200
CAPTAIN BARKER'S HUNTERS.	Gs.
GEOGE DADDY 100	KATE FISHER 290
MIRACLE 95	LINDUM 155
CONTRIVANCE 220	LULU 200
MIZZA, by Lord Faunconberg 175	WITCHCRAFT 195
DOXINGTON, by Stockwell 190	

LORD HELMSLEY'S HUNTERS.	Gs.
HARRY 180	AFTER DARK 350
RECRUIT 210	ADNESS, by Cathedral, dam by
MARTIN, by Needle Gun 330	Fernhill 120
THE FIDDLER, by Orpheus 370	THE STEPPER 105
HUNTSMAN 180	

LORD COLE'S HUNTERS.	Gs.
BARONSTOWN, by The Coroner 290	TOPHORN, by The Bird 190
CONSBY, by Hazlehurst 105	COMET, by Mallet 100
ACOLYTE, by Zouave 240	SACREDON, by Pergu. 150
CAPTAIN M. BROWNE'S HUNTERS.	

Gs.	Gs.
JUDY 52	SOLDIER, by Warrior 52
PORTAIT, by Vandyke, dam by Arthur 57	PALEFACE, by Water Wizard 130
SLEDGEHAMMER, by Mallet 69	CONNAUGHT, by Prince Arthur. 170

THE OWNER OF "APOLOGY."

The following letter has been addressed by the Rev. J. W. King to the Bishop of Lincoln:

"Ashby-de-la-Launde, Oct. 19.

"My Lord—I observe with pain that your Lordship has thought fit to publish your last letter to myself.

"Your Lordship is aware that I was unable at the time to reply in person, being disabled by an accident which has confined me to my bed; but the publication of your Lordship's letter compels me, at whatever cost, to do so now.

"Permit me, in the first place, to express my deep acknowledgement of the spirit which pervades your last communication, and the kind expressions it contains, and to assure your Lordship that had your former letters been similar in character to this, you would have had no reason to complain of their reception at my hands. But your Lordship must remember that they contained simply legal threats, amounting to notice of proceedings, and left me, as an Anglo-Saxon (whose ancestors laid down their lives to establish the Reformed Protestant religion), no alternative except the course which I pursued—viz. to refer your Lordship to my solicitor.

"My Lord, with reference to your present letter, it is true that now for more than fifty years I have bred and sometimes had in training horses for the Turf. They are horses of a breed highly prized, which I inherited with my estate, and have been in my family for generations. It may be difficult, perhaps, to decide what constitutes a scandal in the Church; but I cannot think that in my endeavours to perpetuate this breed, and thus improve the horses in this country—an object of general interest at the present moment—I have done anything to incur your Lordship's censure.

"I am fully aware—as, I think, your Lordship must be, too, by

this time—that legal proceedings upon your part would be powerless against me; and if, therefore, I resign the livings which I hold within your Lordship's diocese, it will be not from any consciousness of wrong, or from fear of any consequences which might ensue in the Ecclesiastical Courts, but simply because I desire to live the remainder of my days in peace and charity with all men, and to save your Lordship the annoyance, and the Church the scandal, of futile proceedings being taken against one who has retired for some time from parochial ministration, and is lying on the bed of sickness at this moment.—I rest, yours faithfully,

"To the Right Reverend the Lord Bishop of Lincoln."

TURF RECIPROCITY.

LORD HOUGHTON, in a pleasant little volume, entitled "Monographs, Personal and Social," reproduces with happy effect several among the familiar sayings which made the society of Harriet, the late Lady Ashburton, so delightful in the estimation of many among her friends. We purposely employ the qualifying word "many," because there were some who, when admitted to the salons of Bath House in Piccadilly, were distanced by what Lord Houghton well describes as the "electric transitions from grave to gay" in which Lady Ashburton's conversation abounded. In allusion to the merriment with which she enjoyed her victory over an opponent in the strife of tongues, it was once remarked by a discomfited foe, "I don't mind being knocked down, but I can't stand being danced upon afterwards." Caring little about conventionalities, and dealing out jokes as they were suggested by lively fancy, with little heed whether she "carried a heart-stain away on the blade" of her wit, Lady Ashburton occasionally wounded a sensitive and susceptible spirit, whose owner would leave Bath House, or the Grange in Hampshire, with little intention of ever returning. Thus it was once current in London society that Thackeray—the most thin-skinned of mortals—was a guest at the Grange, and, after having been cordially welcomed, took umbrage at some *badinage* which seemed to him not free from courtesy. For many months he declined Lady Ashburton's invitations, and spoke of her with something like peevishness and dislike. But when his wrath had abated, he suddenly received a card of invitation to dine at Bath House. He returned it with an admirable pen-and-ink sketch on the back, in which he delineated himself, in his well-known spectacles, kneeling at Lady Ashburton's feet, with his hair set on fire by the hot coals that she poured from a brazier upon his head. Delighting in the society of men, Lady Ashburton used to say that, "to have a really agreeable house, a woman ought to be divorced; for in that case you have the pleasantest men and no women about you save those really interested in you and kept in good humour by the consciousness of benevolent patronage." But perhaps the wisest and most far-sighted of her *dicta* was one that she uttered after parting with Mr. Charles Greville, who was one of her intimates, and whose "Memoirs of Queen Victoria's Reign," when published—and let us charitably hope it will be a long time hence—will undoubtedly contain much about the Grange, where he was a frequent visitor. "If I were to begin life again," said the caustic lady, "I would go on the Turf, merely to get friends; they seem to me the only people who really hold close together. I don't know why—it may be that each man knows something that might hang the other—but, at any rate, the effect is delightful and peculiar."

It is just thirty years since Admiral Rous, when giving evidence, in 1844, before the famous "Gaming Committee" of the Lords and Commons combined, spoke of the Turf as "affording the most delightful society upon earth." For sixty years the gallant Dictator who gives laws to the racing community has chosen his friends from among the *habitués* of Epsom and Newmarket. To not many men endowed with his strong will and intense individuality has it been given, during that long term of years, to lose fewer friends or make fewer enemies. The credit is primarily due to the Admiral's own happy temperament, which, if occasionally hot and peremptory, is soon found to be placable and easily conciliated. But may not some credit, secondarily, be given to the fraternal feeling, or *esprit de corps*, which, as Lady Ashburton remarked, the Turf engenders and establishes between its votaries? It has often been remarked that among the professions, communities, or callings, which have to do with an exciting and mercenary pursuit, there is none which engenders more sympathy and fewer violent antipathies among its followers than the Turf. Racing men who do not speak to each other are much rarer than irreconcileable stock-brokers or merchants. The truth of the matter is that a race-course is one of the most inconvenient spots upon earth to encounter a man whom you want to cut, and who wants to cut you. To begin with, the area upon which betting men congregate in front of the grand stand at Ascot, Doncaster, or elsewhere, is necessarily confined and limited. When an exciting race is on the eve of decision, two litigious and antipathetic sportsmen are apt to find that A. has accepted a bet without knowing that B., his enemy, was the man who offered it. Those who are old enough to remember the Turf of thirty years ago can scarcely have forgotten the extreme inconvenience occasioned, not only to the two principals, but also to all their friends, by the inextinguishable hostility that existed between Lord George Bentinck and the famous Clerk of the Council, whose memoirs are at this moment the talk of the town. Lord George and Mr. Charles Greville were cousins, but, as is usually the case with family quarrels, consanguinity served but to make them more bitterly hostile. It must be conceded, in justice to Mr. Greville, that Lord George, who had far the stronger nature, was the more implacable of the two. Efforts were again and again made by mutual friends—and especially by General Anson and Mr. George Payne—to bring them to that kind of superficial friendship which is designated as being upon speaking terms. But they were invariably thwarted by Lord George's constantly recurring remark, "I would rather have nothing to do with the fellow!" The result was that they sat at the same meetings of the Jockey Club without looking at each other; and Mr. Greville often rose to reply to some observations made by Lord George without making any allusion to their utterer. In the Derby of 1845, which was won by Merry Monarch, Mr. Greville owned a prominent favourite in Alarm, whose subsequent running proved him to be the best horse of his year, with perhaps the exception of Sweetmeat. At the starting-post for the Derby there occurred a general scrimmage among the competing horses, which was occasioned by the violence and fractiousness of a colt called The Libel, into whose ear it was currently rumoured at the time that an *employé* of his betting opponents had contrived to drop a handful of small shot. Be this as it may, The Libel reared up and lashed out furiously at the post, so that Nat, upon Alarm, in endeavouring to get out of the way, became entangled in the chains then existing at the Epsom starting-post, which has now been removed to another spot, where rails have been substituted for chains. At this critical moment, Mr. Greville and Lord George were standing within a few feet of each other in the Jockey Club Stand. The latter was looking, according to his habitual custom, through an immense telescope at the horses as they gathered at the starter's right hand. "There's a general row going on at the post," exclaimed the loud and supercilious voice of the noble holder of

the telescope. "The Libel has gone mad, and driven a horse over the chains. It's Mr. Greville's Alarm. Nat has just been thrown and is lying senseless on the ground, while Alarm is running away." The features of the owner of Alarm, as in words which smote his ear like the cat when it falls upon a convict's naked back, his cousin and enemy announced the downfall of Nat, who had been described by the same noble rhymer who subsequently painted with admirable sprightliness the conflicting and in-and-out performances of another racer of Mr. Greville, by name Cariboo. It is to Lord Winchelsea that we owe the lines describing "Charles Greville, of the Portland race, with face as long as Portland Place;" and so long as the Clerk of the Council lives in the memory of his contemporaries, many of "John Davis" lyrics at his expense will continue to float upon the surface of society.

Happily, such envenomed quarrels as that which kept Mr. Greville and Lord George Bentinck apart are extremely rare among racing men. Lady Ashburton never spoke a truer word than when she said that the Turf keeps its followers closer together than any other pursuit. But since the death of Lord George Bentinck in 1848, and even to a considerable degree since the death of Mr. Greville in 1865, horse-racing has had the extraordinary and happy effect of binding England more closely to France than the International Treaty of Commerce, or any of the other political devices employed to establish an *entente cordiale*. In the days when the chief races in France took place upon the Champs de Mars, where the Great Exhibition of 1867 was held, Count Gronow wrote that the policeman, or *gendarme*, who rode by the side of the competing horses came in first more commonly than any of the thoroughbreds that our neighbours then possessed. When the "Cercle du Jockey Club," which is now *facile principe* among similar bodies in Paris, was first established by Lord Henry Seymour, it numbered but forty members. At the present moment it includes nearly 800, while it is more difficult to get into it through the exclusive ballot-box than into our own fashionable Turf Club in Grafton Street. Representatives of the proudest families of France eagerly seek admission into its ranks, and Legitimists, Imperialists, and Republicans forget the political animosities that divide them when once they find themselves within the magic precincts of its reconciling walls. Simultaneously the passion for horse-racing has taken such hold upon our neighbours that Longchamps, Chantilly, Deauville, and many another rendezvous of *le sport*, now boast the presence of animals that are often too good for their English rivals at Newmarket or Ascot. But although the enormous advantage derived by the French from their wholesale introduction of our best equine blood into their country—an advantage for which they are mainly indebted to the late Emperor—cannot be overstated, a yet happier result has flowed from the popularity of horse-racing. Noblemen and gentlemen of high blood and wealth have learned to know and love London and England not less than their native country, and have been in many instances welcomed to the ranks of the British Jockey Club. Under the guidance of English trainers, stud grooms, and jockeys, the stallions and brood mares imported from this island have been so admirably handled in France that a Gladiator, a Fille de l'Air, a Boiard, a Montargis, and many other French-bred animals, have carried away some of our richest prizes. When, as now, so frequently happens, a French winner catches the judge's eye upon an English race-course, the cheers are often not less hearty than at Longchamps or in Normandy. Every race in England is open to French entries, and without jealousy or exclusiveness we readily welcome them.

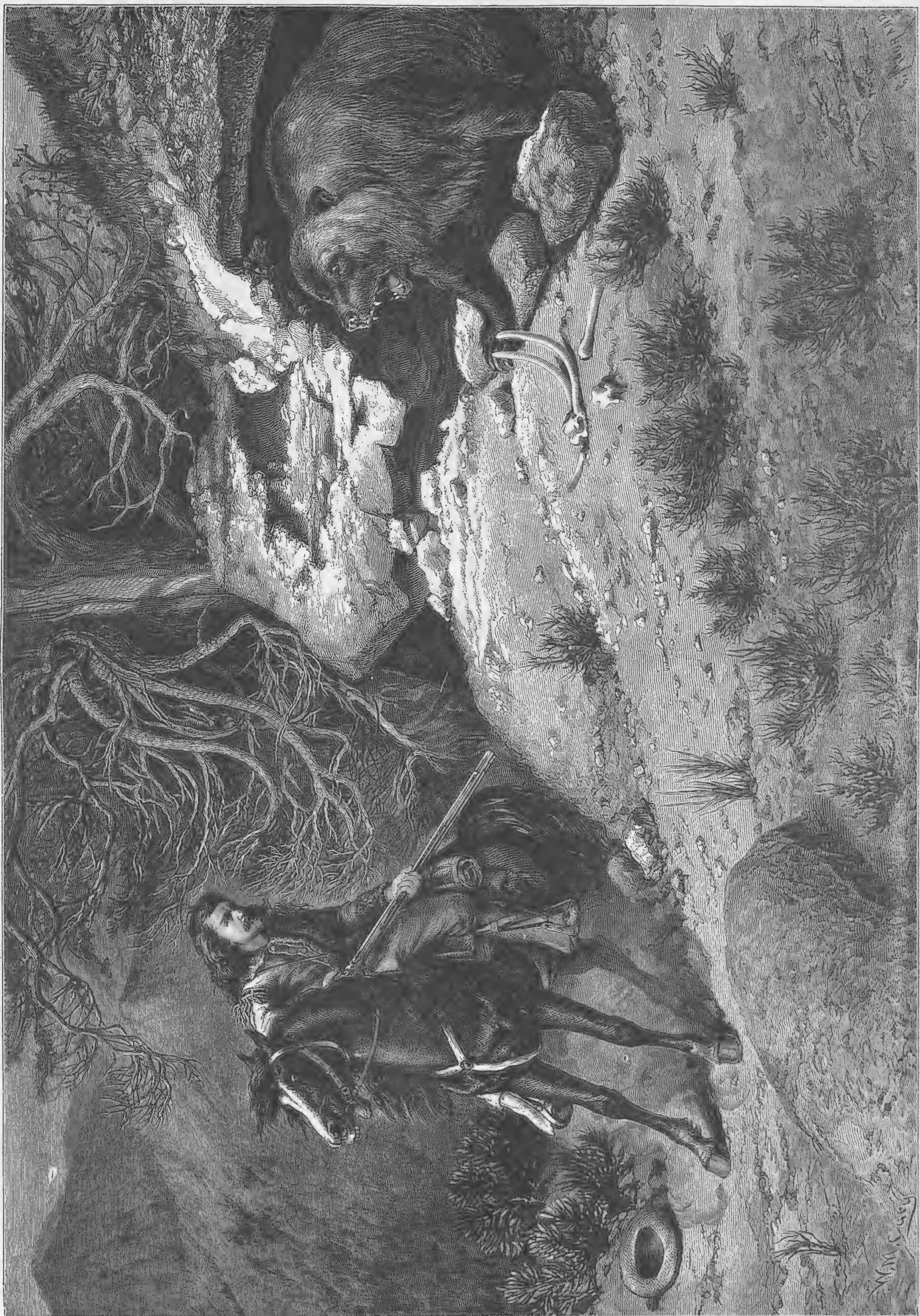
Per contra, it cannot be justly said that our neighbours—although, thanks to horse-racing, they are much less disposed to be Anglophobists than of yore—have meted out to us the same generous treatment that they have received at our hands. With the exception of the Grand Prix de Paris, there is not a single French race for which a thoroughbred born in England can be a competitor. We offer freely to French horses a dozen races enriched by large sums of added money, and they in return admit us to no other entry than the "Great Prize of Paris," which the Emperor established as the culminating triumph of the expiring Parisian season. Truth compels us to add that, when an English horse, Trent, triumphed over his French adversaries last June, the coldness of the spectators was not altogether unmixed with hisses. It has become evident that the time is at hand when something analogous to "Turf Reciprocity" must be established between the two countries; and it is understood that Admiral Rous is now engaged in correspondence with the French Jockey Club in the hope of coming to some satisfactory agreement with them. That the most beneficial results have arisen from the increased communication between Paris and London to which horse-racing has given birth will be denied by no sensible man upon either side of the Channel. We have every confidence, in conclusion, that our neighbours will receive the advances of Admiral Rous and his colleagues with the same hearty and neighbourly goodwill that Englishmen have never withheld from French horses which have won great races in this island.—*Daily Telegraph*.

THE MILITARY HANDICAP HURDLE RACE AT ELMHAM.—Marquis of Montrose, who came in first for this race on Monday, was objected to by Lord Marcus Beresford, the rider of Derviche, on the ground of a cross.

DEATH OF J. C. BREWTEY.—News reached England by the last Bombay mail of the accidental death of John Charles Brewtey, jockey, which occurred at Poona, on September 8 last. After the races on that day, deceased had accompanied his brother William to the Royal Hotel for dinner, and having had occasion to convey a message from his brother's room to the kitchen, and to cross an enclosed space for that purpose, he must—as it appeared—have run straight against the parapet of a well, and tripped over it. The well was 45 ft. deep, and contained 20 ft. of water, while the parapet running round it was only 2 ft. 3 in. high. Deceased was perfectly sober at the time, but the night was pitch dark, and it was two hours before the body was recovered. Brewtey was a grandson of the late Mr. John Ransom, her Majesty's stud groom at Hampton Court.

WHAT IS CRUELTY TO A SPORTING DOG?—On Friday last, at the Sheriff Court, Aberdeen, Andrew Dickson and James Dickson, both game





STAGE SPEAKING.

"DEATH he pronounced as *death*;
And wrath he said was *ruth*!"

as Mr. Gilbert some years ago sang, in a Bab ballad, of a representative actor of the old school of tragedians; and it is difficult to recall a burlesque that has not its heavy father or melodramatic villain, with tender allusions to his "cheiyld" and the "ste-ars of haven," or his terrible invocation of "me curse; me bitter daddy curse upon ye, boy!" And these mispronunciations do really, with of course a little comic exaggeration, represent the way in which, a very few years ago, it was thought necessary to "elevate" speaking on the stage above the level of ordinary conversation.

There is no need further to expose the absurdity of this exploded style; it is to all intents and purposes dead, and the present generation, though for years it will see its remnants lagging "superfluous on the stage," is not likely to witness its revival. The danger the English stage has now most to fear lies in an exactly opposite direction: many of our rising actors are wont to speak—it hardly sounds like a fault, though unquestionably it is one—to exactly on the stage as they would in private life.

If the effect were that of perfect nature and ease, this would of course be a good quality, not a blemish; though in costume pieces, sometimes even in modern comedy, when a young man is playing an old one, it makes the personality of the actor so prominent as to interfere with the completeness of the performance. Young Mortimer (*né* Jones), though perhaps marvellously made up as "Romeo," or as "Sir Anthony Absolute," is still young Mortimer, unmodified, in voice and accent—gives, for example, "Oh that I were a glove upon that hand!" with the subdued emphasis of to-day, perhaps with a half-smile at the compliment, perhaps a little ashamed of it,—instead of murmuring it with the tenderest passion, with all the wealth of warm Southern love the young Italian would have thrown into his ardent wooing.

But it is a fact that even in a modern comedy one must not speak exactly on the stage as one does off it: as the author must not write dialogue exactly like that which he hears around him every day in the streets, at home, at his club, nor make his incidents, simple and natural though they may be, really happen exactly as they would in real life: as the painter should choose the poetry of life, omitting its bare prose, for his pictures.

Some people would deny this—would have every representation literally a reproduction of the thing it represents, not merely a true and artistic likeness of it: they forget, in demanding "natural" dialogue, how carelessly we speak in private life, with what repetitions, corrections, and diffuseness our conversation seems,—how much *too big* real life is for absolute reproduction by any form of art: witness the unwieldy hugeness of the novels in which Victor Hugo tries to paint *all* he sees, not merely those representative parts which would make a faithful picture of the whole.

An absurdly small instance will show the inconvenience of exactly following nature in the theatre. When an author names the various characters in his play, he takes care that no two shall have the same Christian name—unless of course it is essential to the plot that they should. If he followed real life, out of half a dozen modern plays with a dozen characters in each, two or three ought to have two *Williams* at least, one or two a couple of *Johns*, *Georges*, *Maries*: in real life it hardly ever happens that of a group of twelve people no two have the same Christian name—of the four most intimate friends of the present writer, for example, two bear the most common of all English names; while among his acquaintances he could probably reckon twenty at least with godfathers of similar taste in nomenclature.

To follow real life in this instance would merely create confusion, and would bring no compensating advantages whatever; and in every branch of the profession are to be found examples of the truth it illustrates, of far greater importance, if not always so obvious. The business of art—as ultra-præraphaelites will not see—is to show externals not as in themselves they absolutely are, but as, modified by distance and by their surroundings, they appear to our eyes.

So of stage speaking. The word elocution has been so often abused that one is in danger of regarding it as a synonym of mouthing; but it is the want of a thorough knowledge of elocution that makes the delivery of many clever young actors seem slovenly and ineffective. In ordinary conversation very few men deliver their sentences with emphasis anything like perfect—some speak with unvarying monotony, some entirely slur over the less important words, others throw into absurd and unintentional prominence a "the" or "my," and bury the leading word of the sentence in a subdued cough. Cleverly used, a reproduction of these faults in speaking is now and then very valuable in a "character" part; but otherwise, when one hears a young lover or a light comedian speaking his sentences without any feeling of their due balance or rhythm—jerking them out anyhow, as he would, unnoticed, in private life—one feels, *not* "what a natural actor this is," but on the contrary "how very badly this young man speaks."

Badly, not only from an elocutionary point of view, but judged by the standard of common education. A clergyman of culture and refinement once said to me, "I believe we all drop a lot of little 'h's;" and there are no doubt a multitude of words pronounced very carelessly by most people. Off the stage, this is not very noticeable; but on it, every word, as every slightest action, is "thrown up" and made prominent. A little while ago, we saw one of the most thoroughly gentlemanly of young English actors playing the part of a gentleman; and to our horror he actually committed the one sin unpardonable in society—he left out his 'h's! We do not say that he offered the object of his adoration his "and and 'eart," or asked her to shed "appiness over his 'ome"; but he did repeatedly say—or to the audience seem to say—"I love 'er," and "Have you heard of 'er?" Probably he really sounded his 'h's, but quite insufficiently to make them audible in a large theatre; the result was, at all events, that, could he have heard his own pronunciation, he would probably have put himself down as an "awful cad." Even a tinge of pedantry is more excusable than slovenly pronunciation; let us hear "creature" pronounced "creat-yure" rather than "crecher," "virtue" as it is spelt, not "virchoo," and "Alhambra" with the *h* aspirated instead of mute.

There is, I believe, one royal road to perfection in the management of the voice, and one only. No doubt, if he can get a competent teacher, a young actor ought to learn elocution; but, without any "if" at all, he must learn, and assiduously practise, the art of singing. It strengthens and softens the voice, by improving the articulation it makes it carry twice as far, it gives clearness, boldness, and force in speaking; in a word, as a leading comedian of the present day, who has gained a reputation for a very fine bass voice with only a very fair one, has often said, "until you know how to sing you ought not to attempt to act."

At any rate, in whatever way they do it, our young actors (including even those of thorough education) must improve, broaden, and refine their style of pronunciation and elocution—above all, must make every syllable, every letter, easily and distinctly heard—before they can be said to have learnt even the first essential of their art, the rudiments of Stage Speaking.

HOW I WON THE MELBOURNE CUP.

A REMINISCENCE OF THE MELBOURNE TURF.

(Concluded from page 66.)

It really is a great institution this Melbourne Cup. With fine weather, and in a "good" year—especially the latter—the race-course of Flemington can show on the great day a sight such as, it is hardly too much to say, no course out of England, and not more than a limited number in England, can show. Not only is Melbourne there represented, but a very considerable portion of Sydney, while both Adelaide and Hobart Town furnish very respectable contingents. "All Melbourne" may indeed be merged in "all Victoria," for from all parts of the bush, east and west, north and south, the squatters throng down to head-quarters, there to eat and drink and make merry, back their fancies, lose and pay their money like men, and enjoy to the utmost every minute of that holiday that has been so well earned by months of good honest work. There is too another class—and it would be no bad thing for Australia if there were not—who at this time seek, according to their lights, and, unhappily for them, too easily find, the relaxation from toil, and from the monotony of their daily lives, which necessity, and no thanks to themselves, denies to them during the remainder of the year. These are they who glory in the rapidity with which they can "knock down their cheques," that is, spend in a few days' rioting, drunkenness, and worse, the accumulated results of it may be years of labour. But it is not with such as these we have to deal. We will look to-day only at the bright side of the picture, and, in good sooth, it is as bright and pleasant a picture as a man need wish to look at. Unlike their good sisters of Sydney and Adelaide, the Melbourne ladies are very fond of racing. There is a nice lawn at Flemington—a sufficiently good imitation of that famous one at Ascot—whereon they can display themselves and their pretty dresses to the best advantage, undisturbed by the rude society of the mob, or far enough removed from the "thunders of the captains and the shouting." And let me tell you that there would be but little time left you for the graver business of the day, did you set yourself seriously to determine which was the prettiest face and the most becoming toilette to be seen on that lawn when the Cup is to be run for. Then at the back of the stand rises a large hill, large enough to offer standing room for even twice as numerous a company as the one which from that cheap and pleasant coign of vantage watches the running in the plain below. Trains from Melbourne and the country here almost hourly disgorge splendid and excited crowds. Here too flutter the flags of many booths; a brisk and but too profitable trade is driven with the assistance of a thimble or two and a ubiquitous pea; shilling and half-crown "lists" encumber the earth, and offer at every step allurements to the modest "plunger," nor can the drawing of innumerable corks and the ceaseless murmur of ever-flowing liquids quite drown the hoarse voices of these "lesser lights." The arrangements for carriages, for refreshments, for stewards, for officials, and for jockeys, are both good and plentiful. Everyone, from the highest to the lowest, may see how his "fancy" looks before the fatal bell rings, and before he puts down the money, whatever it may be, and of this be assured that there will be no lack of people willing to assist you in that laudable object, and most competent to take it up—when you have laid it down. It is indeed a very merry place, that Melbourne course, and very merry men—and women too—are they who resort thereto.

Everybody, including, of course, the oldest inhabitant—who indeed, was an object of less veneration in a community not more than 30 years old than he might have been in one with more claims to the halo of antiquity—declared Melbourne had never been so full as on this eventful occasion. It had been a very "good" year indeed, and even the squatters, and the "cockatoos" (*Anglicæ*, small farmers, who in this respect, if in no other, imitate their English brethren, could find little to complain about. The rains had come at the right time, and in the right quantity. Wool had "gone up," and there were plenty of sheep to go up too. Bullocks waxed fat and kicked in every pasture from Perth to Normantown. Shame, then, on the squatter who could linger at home when the horses were being marshalled for the fray, and, to do them justice, I do not think one did. All the hotels were full to overflowing. Tables and arm-chairs commanded prices that would have been thought twice over even in the "old diggings' days." Lodgings were but dreams, and nothing more. Jubilant indeed were landlords, while as for the bookmakers, those sons of Israel (for it is somewhat curious that there is hardly a member of the Australian Ring who is not more or less immediately descended from King Solomon) were as cheerful of countenance as might their fathers have been on the day when they "despoiled the Egyptians."

The appearance of Barabbas among the entries had been the signal for much "chaff" among the circle of his owner's friends. Indeed I do believe it was only the fear of still more that kept him from insisting on my immediately "scratching" that long-suffering animal. Jack had found but little difficulty in investing our money at a very remunerative price, and indeed, as he informed us, the bookmakers "would have gone on for a week" if we had wanted it. Truth to tell we did not. Even I, sahguine as I was in all the pride of my new-fledged ownership, could not but occasionally recall to my memory that bitter proverb aent the speedy severance between a fool and his money. For Barabbas did not improve on acquaintance. Possibly the change of diet and the increased regularity in exercise had shown that wily animal what was in store for him. At any rate we could make nothing of him. By himself he would stride along at a splendid pace for as long as we pleased to let him, but when once he found himself alongside the trial horse, all his powers seemed at once to have deserted him. Even his staunchest patron, old Gibson, began to give him up as the very worst of bad jobs; and as for his unhappy owner, he fairly groaned aloud whenever his name was mentioned. "For goodness sake—for my sake—for your own sake," he used to say, "scratch the beast." In the name of common decency I adjure you let not this reproach come upon us. I really shall not have the courage to face these Melbourne men. He will run in your name. Yes; but do you imagine everybody doesn't know to whom he belongs? Scratch him, like a sensible fellow; you'll save some of your money, and we can go down comfortably with clear consciences and see True Blue win." But I was adamant. As long as I paid all the expenses, I argued, surely it was but fair I should be allowed to have at least a run for my money. And this there was no gainsaying. Still I do not think that in my heart of hearts I proposed to myself much glory, letting alone profit, from the appearance of Barabbas at the starting-post. Gibson was oracular. "He would commit himself to no settled opinion one way or the other. "No race ain't ever lost till it's won," was a very favourite saying of his, which he gave utterance to with great frequency about this time. When still further pressed on the subject, he declared that "the old horse could go faster nor never," and also that he "had never been so fit." And in his condition certainly no fault could be found. True Blue also was everything that a fond owner could wish. He had answered all the questions propounded to him most satisfactorily, and with his weight, 7 st. 7 lbs., it was considered that, if not actually "there," he ought at least to be "thereabouts." That the public at any rate thought so was

shown by the significant fact that his name stood at the top of the daily returns of the betting market. His owner had backed him at sufficiently long odds to win him a good stake, while I had contented myself with a more modest investment on the contingency of his finishing in the first three. Barabbas, I should say, had been considered by the jockey as not competent to carry more than 6 st. 12 lbs., and even, under these lenient conditions, had found no tongues to speak in his favour.

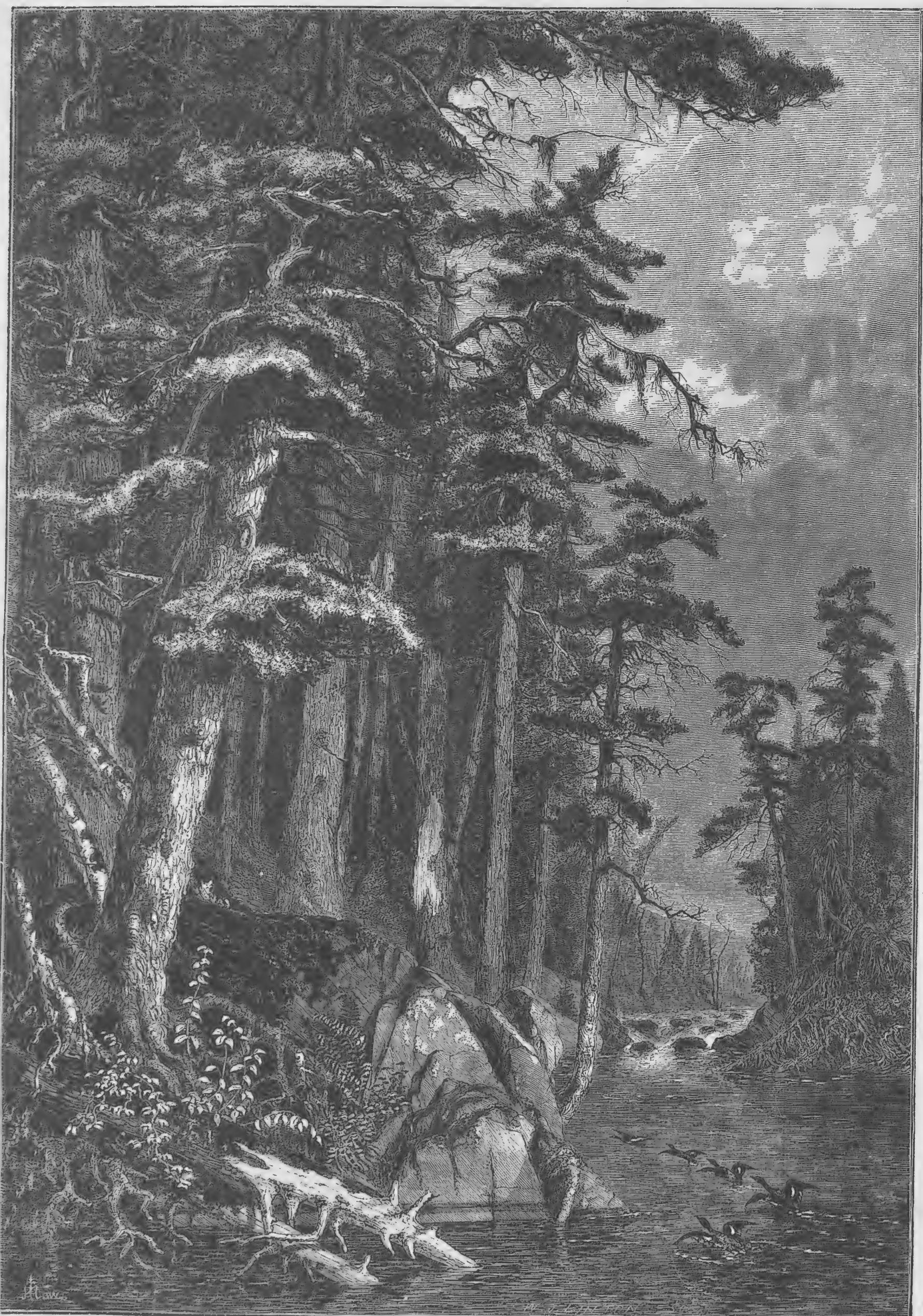
It is the night before the race, and Melbourne—I may say Australia—has apparently no intention of going to bed. Under existing circumstances perhaps many of them have not much temptation that way, and think "Tattersall's" and Goyder's subscription rooms quite as comfortable as the arm-chair or the coffee-room table which awaits them in their happy homes. At the Melbourne Spring Meeting the first day's racing is held on the last Saturday in October, and the others on the next Thursday and two following days. This is to give time to the horses engaged on the first day to "come again" the next week, for, despite the flourishing condition of the Australian Turf, there are not as yet, as is but natural, quite enough good horses to furnish material for four full and consecutive days' racing. This arrangement too gives most acceptable breathing-time to the unfortunate "plungers" of Saturday; so nobody complains, least of all the said unfortunates. Our horses had been down at head-quarters for a week, and the favourite had given universal satisfaction. There is no hiding in ditches, and spying behind hedgerows at Flemington. Every morning the horses gallop for all the world to see, if it likes to get up early enough. Barabbas too had been much admired for the style in which he got through his work. But his past had been too black a one, and too well remembered for men to believe in his future, and all the money he carried was our two "ponies" and a ten-pound note that old Gibson had invested on his own account. My friend disclaimed all interest in the horse, and laid all the responsibility on my shoulders. And great was the burden they had to bear. Was I going to ride him myself? I was asked. Was it true that he had been tried at 7 lbs. with one of the farm bullocks, and got within a length of him? Never mind, never mind, let those laugh who win. So I comforted myself, though I could not help thinking that under these circumstances I was likely to be debarred from any merriment for a considerable period.

As I have said, there was to be no rest that night. Earlier in the evening, some few had made a pretence of sitting out the burlesque that was being played at the Theatre Royal. But it was only a pretence, and one by one the votaries of the drama found their way to the "rooms," and added their modest contributions to the ceaseless babel of tongues that floated out through the open windows on the still night air. True Blue was a firm favourite, and indeed there was no more money forthcoming against him. A Sydney horse, a Cup winner of former days, stood next on the list, and then came a heterogeneous mass of all ages, and all weights, who all found more or less support among that speculative crowd. The bookmakers were in great force, and so were the gentlemen. Pencils could hardly keep pace with tongues. They were all at it—young and old, grave and gay. They all had their fancies, and they all backed them. The name of Barabbas alone was never mentioned, or mentioned only with contumely and scorn. Though opinions were various as to who should be first on the morrow, there was but one as to the last. "Vy, they couldn't handicap 'im in it now," remarked a small gentleman of Oriental extraction to me, not witting to whom he addressed himself. I couldn't answer him, and so went to bed, where I was ridden till morning by Barabbas, in the shape of a fearful nightmare.

Fair and bright dawned the eventful day, and by two o'clock Flemington was a sight to see. With true courtesy Vice-royalty—who loved a race as well as any of them, and knew a race-horse better than most—had arrived in time for the first race, and as he passed up the course, after the fashion of Royalty at Ascot, in his open carriage-and-four, with postilions and outriders of the best and smartest, we all cheered him to a man—to 60,000 or 70,000 men, I may say, for when the first saddling bell rang, there cannot have been less than that number on the ground. Then came lunch, and then, having satisfied our loyalty and our appetites, we prepared ourselves for battle.

There were twenty-five starters, and Barabbas was the only grey among them. He carried a yellow jacket too, so I could never be at a loss to single him out at any period of the race. "No," said Jack, to whom I exultingly made this remark, "and if he were black and all black from his hoofs to his jockey's cap, you wouldn't find much difficulty in doing that as long as you kept your glasses on the tail of the ruck. Look at the favourite. How well he goes!" And so he did, as he cantered past the stand, followed by the despised one, both, thanks to old Gibson, in capital fettle. One, two, three—they are all there; twenty-five, as they walk down to the starting-post. They must pass the stand twice to complete their two miles, and my friend has actually bet Jack half a crown that Barabbas leads them for the first time. For the boy who rides has orders to get away at once; and keep in front as long as he can. I am to have some show for my money, I am told, much as a child is told that the pill is not so very nasty, and we know Barabbas can gallop, and likes to gallop by himself. But yet he is not worth more than half a crown, even for that distance! The roar which has been rising from the Ring for the last half-hour ceases now for a moment, for even bookmakers have but the ordinary supply of lungs. A nervous flutter of excitement runs through that mighty mass, as the ripple that heralds the breeze ruffles the quiet bosom of a land-locked lake. Books have been compared for the last time, and put away—with what feelings who shall say? Glasses are being adjusted to anxious eyes. Some laugh and talk; some are pale and silent; many are smoking; all are more or less excited. There is a great silence, in the midst of which an excited spectator from the stewards' stand, probably to conceal his feelings, sounds a trumpet-blast on his nose, and, as if the spell thereby was broken, the roar rises again—"They're off!"

As the muffled thunder of the hundred hoofs comes rolling up the course, we see that our orders have been obeyed. Past the stand Barabbas leads by two clear lengths, and Jack's half-crown is pocketed by my friend with the ungrateful remark that it is "the first and probably the last money he has ever made out of that brute." True Blue is in a good position, but all are going well. Rounding the turn it is difficult to see how the horses lie, but on getting into the straight again on the further side Barabbas is seen to have increased his lead. Jack turns pale, and I hear a sardonic shout in the crowd below, which can only have been produced, I feel certain of it, by old Gibson. Faster and faster becomes the pace, and faster and faster goes Barabbas. "By—, the grey wins!" shouts a brazen-throated and brazen-faced Jew, the king of the betting-ring, with whom our business in re Barabbas had been negotiated. Can it be possible? Now they are in the straight again, for the last time. They seem all to be in a line, and all standing still, to me, for as they come straight on, I can distinguish nothing save that the grey is in the centre of the course. There floats up from the lower end of the rails a hoarse murmur in which I fancy I can distinguish the name of Barabbas. Is it so? Another second, and there can be no doubt about it. They are shouting Barabbas, and from the booths on the hill, from the top of the stand, from the lawn, from the paddock, from every spot of ground where there is a



THE PINES OF THE RACQUETTE.—JOHN A. HOWS.



A GROUP OF GAME.



RETRIEVER AND HARE.

Sporting Intelligence.

RACING RETROSPECTIVE AND PROSPECTIVE.

"It seems to be the fate of man, to seek all his consolations in futurity. The time present is seldom able to fill desire or imagination with immediate enjoyment, and we are forced to supply its deficiencies by recollection or anticipation."—Dr. JOHNSON.

RACING has been well termed the "glorious uncertainty," and the truth of the *sobriquet* bestowed upon a pastime which is fast becoming as popular on the Continent as it is in the British Isles was never more fully illustrated than during the Cesarewitch week at "head-quarters." The overthrow of Aventurière for the Newmarket Oaks by La Courreuse hardly seemed probable, even though the Cesarewitch winner had to give the French filly 7lb, as it will be recollected that at Goodwood the latter suffered a head defeat, although she was receiving 5lb. The effects of the heavy race of Tuesday, coupled with the additional 2lb, turned the scale, however, and will account for the defeat of Aventurière. But for the defeat of Lily Agnes in the Amalgamated Queen's Guineas, by Peut-être, on the same afternoon—a horse who, whatever his private reputation might have been, never previously showed himself in public to be possessed of much form—created the utmost astonishment, and is almost beyond explanation, seeing that his trainer, Henry Jennings, never trusted him with a sixpence, but had his "pony" on Christiania. That the running was correct, however, was confirmed by the distance both Lilian and Scamp were beaten, as well as by Eole II., finishing about the same distance from Peut-être as he did in the Cesarewitch. And the result of the Newmarket Derby further showed that Peut-être had won the Queen's Guineas on his merits, as neither Trent nor Leolinus was able to go the pace with him at the finish of what struck me to be a very indifferently run race, and which it was doubtless enabled Lacy and Spectator to run a dead heat for second. The latter, I may here remark, looked half as big and muscular again as he did in the spring, and his forward running will do him no good in future handicaps. My advice, given in one of the first numbers of this paper, "to follow Glover," had it been attended to even on the last day of the recent Newmarket Meeting, would have been attended with beneficial results, as he won the Two-year-old Sweepstakes with Brenda, the Third Welter Handicap with Woodcut, and the Selling Stakes with Broomieknowe; while for the Free Handicap Nursery he was second, with Confessor to Sister to Tangible, who has been since prettily named Touch a Tout. The result of the Prendergast in favour of Chaplet was another upset to public form, as Camballo was defeated not only by Chaplet and Garterly Bell, but by Breechloader, who beat him many lengths at Doncaster in the Champagne Stakes. Punch, who was the favourite, and who in the Middle Park Plate held a forward position until they commenced to ascend the hill, cut up badly, but that he will come out next year in very different colours, I have no doubt. Further I have no occasion to comment on the concluding day's sport at Newmarket, and space does not admit of my reviewing the racing of the current week.

The task now devolves upon me to pass in review the several items in the monster programme issued by the Messrs. Weatherby for the Houghton Meeting, which commences on Monday next, and continues over the following Saturday, when the curtain will fall upon *le sport* at "head-quarters" for 1874. Following the fashion of some of the country C. C.'s, the bill announces with a flourish that the added money given during the week amounts to 3450 sovs., which shows that the Newmarket authorities are bestirring themselves in earnest, and that there is a likelihood of the "hay and corn" meeting eclipsing in interest the five which have preceded it. Besides the old standing races closed some time back, several were nominated for on Tuesday last, but I am not in a position to notice them so fully as I could wish, owing to the late hour the "Racing Calendar" made its appearance on Thursday evening, only a few hours before this paper is put to press. The items to which most interest attaches on Monday are the Criterion, the Trial Stakes, the Cambridge Trial Handicap, and the First Welter Handicap. The Criterion is this year such an "open" race that the greater number of the following are likely to be seen at the starting post, viz.: Mirlifore (7lb extra), Balfie (4lb extra), Craig Millar (4lb extra), Earl of Dartrey (2lb extra), Horse Chestnut (2lb extra), Lady Love (2lb extra), Colchique (2lb extra), Vasco di Gama, The Fakenham Ghost, Vix Victis, Pensacola, colt by Brother to Stafford out of Makeshift, Egremont, and Inglemere. Over this severe course, the extra weight is very likely to stop all the penalised horses, and I consequently expect to see the race fall to Vix Victis or to the MAKESHIFT colt, the former of whom distinguished herself by running second to Cachmere for the Althorpe Park Stakes at Northampton, and also second to Galopin for the New Stakes at Ascot; while the Makeshift colt will be fitter than when he ran far from indifferently in the Middle Park Plate.

The Trial Stakes is a weight for age, with certain penalties and allowances, and is run on the Rowley Mile. It did not fill, and is reopened, to close the evening before running.

There is a fair entry for the Cambridgeshire Trial Handicap Plate, and as several of the stables which have favourites in the great race of Tuesday will send something to have a "feeler," the result is sure to be watched with no little interest. The three I regard to have the best chance are BLANCHEFLÉUR, KING GEORGE, and ANTEROS, and I prefer them in the order named.

For the First Welter Handicap there is also a good entry, and it looks like falling to Mr. FOX, GREENWOOD, or INQUIETUDE.

In the Matches I prefer FLURANCE to the colt by Young Melbourne out of Incurable; and ALEXANDRA to Plantagenet. The three remaining races for the first day close the evening preceding at six o'clock.

On Tuesday the *pièce de résistance*, as those writers who delight to air their bit of French call the principal event of the day, is the Cambridgeshire Stakes, a race that occasions among the general public quite as much interest as either the Two Thousand or the Cesarewitch. This year one hundred and ninety horses were nominated for it, of whom only fifty-nine declared the smaller forfeit, leaving the field to be selected from the remaining one hundred and thirty-one, from which it may be safely inferred that there will be considerably more than thirty runners to be selected from the following:—

	Sire and Dam.	Age	st lb	Trainers.
Lowlander.....	Dalesman—Lufra, by Windhound.....	4	9	C. Blanton
Gang Forward	Stockdale—Lady Mary, by Orlando.....	4	8	A. Taylor
Laburnum	King Tom—Blooming Heather, by Melbourne.....	5	8	J. Cannon
Hochstapler	Savernake—La Traviata, by The Flying Dutchman	4	8	Hayhoe, jun
Lemnos	Thunderbolt—Laura, by Orlando.....	3	8	W. Goater
Newry	Lacydes—Blanchette, by The Baron.....	3	8	T. Brown
Khedive.....	Macaroni—Bumblekite, by Voltigeur.....	5	7	W. I'Anson
Perla	Dollar—Pergola.....	3	7	In France
Mendip	Lord Clifden—Humming Bird, by Birdcatcher	4	7	Muirhead

	Sire and Dam.	Age	st lb	Trainers.
Walnut	Nutbourne—Malpractice, by Chevalier d'Industrie	4	7	H. Goater
Gamecock	Buccaneer—Game Pullet, by Chanticleer	4	7	Hayhoe, jun
Flower of Dorset..	Breadalbane—Impératrice, by Orlando	4	7	J. Day
Aventurière	Adventurer—Cantine, by Orlando	3	7	A. Taylor
Aldrich	Lecturer—Lady Lotty, by Bay Middleton	3	7	J. Dover
Lacy	Lacydes—dam by Melbourne—Miss Whip	3	7	J. Dawson
Curate	Cathedral—Gertrude, by The Marquis	5	7	Green
Madge Wildfire ..	Blair Athol—Old Orange Girl, by Kingstou	5	6	J. Ferren
Westley	Saunterer—Maud, by Loup-garou	5	6	J. Manser
Somerset	The Duke—Cherwell, by Oxford	4	6	J. Cannon
Pearl	Newminster—Caller Ou, by Stockwell	6	11	W. I'Anson
Peut-être	Ventre St. Gris—Favorite	3	6	H. Jennings
Mr. Winkle	St. Albans—Peri, by Birdcatcher	3	6	J. Cannon
Tichborne	Trumpeter—Mermaid, by Buccaneer	4	6	P. Price
Novateur	Monarque—Mlle. de Chantilly	3	6	T. Jennings
Mignonette.....	Vertugadin—Marguerite	3	6	In France
Derwent.....	Camerino—Maid of Derwent, by Flatcatcher	5	6	J. Jarvis
Dalham	Cathedral—Gertrude, by The Marquis	3	6	Platt
Botheration	Cambuscan—Troublesome, by Hobbis Noble	6	6	T. Wadlow
Fideline	Dollar—Finlande, by Ion	3	6	In France
Restless	Orest—Lady Middleton, by Surplice	5	6	T. Golby
Bay colt	Blinkholie—Miss Hawthorn, by King Tom	3	6	F. Bates
Lord Gowran	Lord Clifden—dam by Merry Andrew—Cordelia	4	6	Jos. Dawson
Bay colt	Wamba—Vevette, by Voltigeur—Blondelle, by Orlando	4	6	Burbidge
Bay gelding	Wamba—Truth, by Lambton	4	6	M. Dawson
Daniel	Marksman—La Dame	3	6	H. Jennings
Ironmould	Robin Hood—Spots, by Motley	4	6	A. Taylor
Memoria	Speculum—Remembrance, by Wild Huntsman	3	5	Saunderson
Evergreen	Thormanby—Greensleeve, by Beadsman	4	5	M. Dawson
Chieftain	Mandrake—The Thane, by Stockwell	3	5	W. Goater
Benedictine	Cathedral—Alma, by Nutwith King Tom—Duchess, by Voltigeur	3	5	Osborne
His Grace		5	10	H. Goater

Although I have successfully predicted the winners of many long races, and only the week before last selected Aventurière alone to win, and Gamecock and Chimes for places in the recent Cesarewitch, the task now set me is one of far greater difficulty, owing to not one horse in fifty being able to act up hill as well as on the flat, and to a great deal depending on the start, owing to the length of the course being only one mile and two hundred and forty yards. In that mile and a distance there is an ascent of 41 ft. 9 in., the course being all against the collar, except for the first furlong in which there is a fall of 4 ft. 3 in.; consequently those horses which have good hill action, and are trained on similar ground, stand the best chance. During the thirty-four years the race has been run it has fallen on only one occasion to an aged horse, viz. The Widow, who, carrying the lenient weight of 7st in 1847, won easily. No six-year-old has succeeded in winning it, and only one five-year-old, viz. Lozenge, who, carrying 7st 2lb in 1867, won after a dead heat with Wolsey, 4 yrs. 6st 8lb. The four-year-olds did considerably better, as the Cambridgeshire fell to horses of that age nine times, but the three-year-olds are in a great majority, as they succeeded in carrying it off on no fewer than twenty-three occasions. The highest weight ever carried successfully was 8st 9lb, which Lanercost, 4 yrs., won in the very first year the race was run; and the highest weight it was subsequently won with was 8st 7lb, carried by Ralph, 4 yrs., in 1842, and by Sabinus, 4 yrs., in 1871. The heaviest weights carried by three-year-olds were by See-saw, 8st 2lb, in 1868; Montargis, 7st 13lb, in 1873; Alarm, 7st 9lb, in 1845; Scherz, 7st 7lb, in 1854; Sultan, 7st 6lb, in 1855; Odd Trick, 7st 4lb, in 1857; Palestro, 7st 2lb, in 1861; and Ackworth, 7st, in 1864; while several horses of the same age carrying heavier weights, viz. Saunterer, 9st, Blue Gown, 9st, Sterling, 8st 11lb, &c., were among the "runners up." That they should have so distinguished themselves has often been regarded as a great feather in their cap, as doubtless it is; but when it is borne in mind that in the palmy days of racing at the Curragh, the October Kirwans (the distance of which is one mile and three-quarters) was many times won by a three-year-old carrying from 7st 10lb to 8st 2lb, it must not be regarded as such a very astonishing feat. And here I may mention, what is not generally known, that to the genius of Irishmen the sporting world is indebted for the system of handicapping which was many years in vogue at the Curragh, and in all parts of the sister kingdom, before it was adopted in Great Britain. Having thus premised, I shall proceed to record my opinion of the chances possessed by the several horses, which by general consent are regarded to be likely to contend for the last of the great autumn handicaps.

Lowlander, although so purely bred as to be entitled to hold a forward place in any company on the flat, was unknown to fame until he commenced the season by carrying off the two great Hurdle Races at the Liverpool Spring Meeting, in both of which he beat good fields, including Laburnum, who, giving him 26lb in the first, was unplaced, but in the second, when he gave him only 14lb, was second, beaten by two lengths. He next essayed the flat, and won at Warwick, the company he beat being so moderate that he got into the Royal Hunt Cup at Ascot with the lenient weight of 7st 7lb, which gave him an easy victory, Maid of Perth, 5 yrs., 7st 2lb, being second, and Flower of Dorset, 4 yrs., 7st 5lb, third, while of the horses likely to run for this event behind the trio were Walnut, 4 yrs., 7st 9lb; Memoria, 3 yrs., 7st 2lb; Miss Hawthorn colt, 3 yrs., 6st; Dalham, 3 yrs., 5st 12lb, and Whitebait, 3 yrs., 5st 12lb. The subsequent victories of Lowlander at the Royal Meeting showed what a "good thing" the Royal Hunt Cup was, as he beat Thorn at even weights easily for the Limited Handicap, and also Drummond and Oxonian, receiving only 5lb from these celebrities, while Maid of Perth, getting 17lb, was bad fourth; and this running he again confirmed in the Ascot Plate, where he actually gave Thorn 3lb! Lowlander is consequently bound to run a great horse over this course, but as he has to give Laburnum 10lb, and Flower of Dorset 23lb, while the former gave him 14lb the last time they met, and the Danebury filly received only 2lb from him in the Hunt Cup, I consider that both are to be preferred to him.

Gang Forward I have put down as one of the representatives of the Manton stable, which has also Struan, Aventurière, and Ironmould engaged, but as the former lately ran away when sweating, and hurt himself, he will not run. According to the weight for age standard, to run the Cambridgeshire distance, Gang Forward should give the Cesarewitch winner only 12lb, instead of which he has to give her 20lb, which puts him out of court, and as the filly will meet Gamecock on 3lb worse terms, the race can only go to Manton by the aid of Ironmould. This horse has not run either this year or last, and may be put down as "dark" for anything the public knows about him. As in the case of the Truth gelding, his owner is far too clever to have kept Ironmould

thus long unless there is some good in him, and as he has been recently backed, and is in at a feather weight, he may give a better account of himself than dark horses generally do.

Laburnum, Somerset, and Mr. Winkle, all hail from the same stable, and will be a formidable trio to beat if the former only chooses to try, and the other pair run up to the form they have sometimes shown. Last year, Laburnum ran in ten races, only two of which he won, viz. the Newmarket Biennial, in which he beat Alava and Bethnal Green by thirty lengths, and the Cambridge Trial Plate, carrying 8st 12lb, in which he beat by twelve lengths Capuchin, 3 yrs., 7st; Templar, 3 yrs., 6st 8lb; York, 4 yrs., 7st 7lb; Tambour, 3 yrs., 7st 3lb; Castalia, 3 yrs., 6st 5lb, and three others. At Chester, carrying 7st 10lb, he was second to Field Marshal, 5 yrs., 6st 12lb, for the Cup, but although he started the favourite for the Derby Trial Plate, in which he carried 9st 5lb, he was not placed to Thorn, 7st 7lb. Nor, carrying 8st 8lb, was he able to secure a place for the Royal Hunt Cup at Ascot, won by Winslow, 4 yrs., 8st 9lb, but in the Second Wokenhams, carrying 9st 4lb, he was second, beaten a neck by Chestnut, 4 yrs., 7st 7lb. In the October Handicap, carrying 9st, he ran unplaced to Tichborne, 3 yrs., 6st 3lb, but, carrying 8st 10lb, was a good second to Thunder, 3 yrs., 7st, for the Trial Stakes, having Oxonian, Tourbillon, and Rouen, behind him. Both Prince Charlie and Blenheim beat him easily for the All-aged Stakes, and he was equally unsuccessful for the Great Midland Counties Handicap, won by Faulkland, with Vanderdecken, his stable companion, behind. Those who will carefully examine the weights he carried in these races will see that Laburnum has never had so good a chance given him, and as he has sustained no injury from his running away the other day, I expect to see him run a great horse on this course. Somerset has lost his two-year-old form, and Mr. Winkle has not improved to the extent his early performances gave promise of his doing.

Hochstapler and Gamecock, if they do not represent the same interest, are trained in the same stable. Last year I saw quite enough of the former, on the morning for the Derby, to be convinced that he was the greatest impostor that ever started for the "Blue Riband." In Germany he has been two or three times returned a winner, and may have improved, but I should rather trust to his stable companion Gamecock, who is bred for speed, and has action well adapted to climb the hill. His fine pace was manifest in the Cesarewitch, since which he has been tender on one of his fore legs, and as it is questionable if he will be able to get sufficient work to keep his pipes open for a race of this kind, I fear he will hardly obtain so forward a place as he did on that occasion.

Lemnos and Chieftain are both trained at Findon, but will, nevertheless, run in different interests, both having been backed by their respective owners. A mile or thereabouts has always been regarded as Lemnos's best distance, and he took the public not a little by surprise when he won the Lewes Grand Handicap, two miles, beating Manille and Louise, besides several others, at nearly even weights, only three days after he had polished off Oxonian by thirty lengths for the Champagne Stakes on the mile course at Brighton. His best races in relation to this event were, however, run at Ascot, on account of their being up hill, for he there distinguished himself by being a good third to Leolinus and Atlantic for the Prince of Wales' Stakes, and by winning the Biennial, beating Spectator, Couronne de Fer, and Quantock. These races, it will be noticed, were all run against the collar, so the course will be in his favour, but to carry 8st successfully will, I fear, be beyond his power. Chieftain's weight is a very lenient one, but not more so than his indifferent performances entitled him to, as, when heavily backed for the Epsom Town Plate, and carrying no more than 6st, he was beaten a long way by Queen of the Chase, Puzzle, and Belle of Scotland, all of whom were giving him a stone. It is true he was second to Conspiracy for the Glasgow Plate at the same meeting, but she gave him 2lb, and he subsequently won a Scurvy Race at Windsor from Highlander and another; but such performances are no credentials for a race of this kind.

Newry's clever victory last year for the Middle Park Plate gave him a very high status until he showed he was not entitled to it, by succumbing to Slumber and Cachmere, for the Whittlebury Stakes at Northampton, in the spring. This form was, however, regarded by many to be too bad, until the running of Spectator and Couronne de Fer showed the Middle Park Plate horses to be really a very moderate party. He is now stated to be doing well, and, if fancied on the day by his clever trainer, whose stable was in such great form during the Cesarewitch week, he may be worth following, as he is sure to get up hill, being chiefly trained on the Cambridgeshire course.

Khedive and Pearl hail from Malton, where they are trained by Mr. I'Anson. Mr. Chaplin, it is generally understood, has backed the former; and, on his best form, he would have an undeniably good chance, but, in my opinion, he has been too long on the shelf to pull through a race of this magnitude; nor can Mr. Chaplin have much hope in Pearl, as she has never stayed the distance.

Perla and Fideline both stand in the name of M. A. Lupin, whose colours in the race will most probably be carried by the first named, for, although Fideline is weighted 18lb lighter, she has never run up to the form expected of her, as evidenced by her having been backed many times. Perla, on the contrary, distinguished herself last year, when two years old, by winning a race of the value of nearly 500 sovs. at Deauville, in which she beat Tartane, Saltarelle, Barcarolle, Aurore, and many others; while this year she won the Prix d'Ibos, one mile and a half, at the Paris June Meeting, carrying 7st 13lb, beating John, 4 yrs., 9st 2lb; Enchanteur II., 4 yrs., 8st 11lb, and eight

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Billiards.

The only event of the week has been Tom Taylor's handicap, of which the first round only has been finished at the time of writing. It is somewhat early in the season for an affair of the kind, and as the champion is at present in America, and neither young John Roberts nor Joseph Bennett were among the sixteen players, there have not been so many people at Purcell's each evening, as, for the sake of the promoter, we should have been glad to see. We are, moreover, compelled to state that no very remarkable playing has been exhibited except by Taylor, Richards and Shorter. The first-named was in splendid form in his heat with Dufton, and made a break of 108 by all-round play, which was worth a long journey to witness. Richards played carelessly at times; but made a couple of masterly breaks, numbering 50 and 60; and Shorter fully justified the very flattering reports of his powers which had reached us. The result of the first round was as follows:—

G. Hunt (100)	beat	G. Collins (50)	by 117 points
J. W. Hart (150)	"	C. Goodwin (175)	" 27 "
F. Shorter (175)	"	D. Richards (75)	" 63 "
R. Wilson (125)	"	John Bennett (50)	" 136 "
H. Stebbing (200)	"	H. Evans (50)	" 201 "
J. Stammers (150)	"	S. W. Stanley (scratch)	" 46 "
C. Smith (175)	"	F. Bennett (25)	" 26 "
T. Taylor (scratch)	"	W. Dufton (175)	" 169 "

The best of three games between the last two men left in will be played this (Saturday) afternoon; and, should they not meet until the final, we have little doubt that Taylor will be first and Shorter second. We shall make some critical remarks on the play next week.

Coursing.

At the dinner on the eve of the great Lurgan Meeting, Lord Lurgan, who was in the chair, expressed his opinion that the meeting was now second only to the Waterloo fixture, and added, "if the Derby is to be run at Altcar, let the Leger be run at Lurgan;" and there can be little doubt that the Brownlow Cup is already regarded as the "red ribbon" of the coursing world. There has been a slight change in the programme of the meeting since last season, for, as the Irish National St. Leger was reaching very unwieldy dimensions, it was deemed advisable to abandon it, and the Raughlan and Derrymacash Stakes, confined respectively to sixty-four dog and bitch puppies, have been substituted, an alteration which appears to have given general satisfaction. The weather on the first day was all that could be desired, and as hares were very strong and numerous, most of the trials were thoroughly genuine, and a splendid day's coursing took place. There were several very good puppies in the Raughlan Stakes, of which we may particularly mention Handel, who won his course with George Frederick in very pretty and decisive style, Birkdale, Duke of Connaught, Brandy, who beat Dyzagara cleverly, to the great disgust of his party, who fancied him extremely, Sirius, and Alick Mallon. Of those beaten in the first round, Lichen, a son of Master Birnie and the famous little Lelia, will see a far better day. He showed enormous speed in his trial with Charlie, leading to the hare by fully six lengths, but, coming round badly, the latter got well placed, and ran up a good score, which Lichen could not quite wipe off. In the first ties Haddo beat Mayboy very decisively, Sternpost was generally considered to have just defeated Brandy in a long working trial, but the judge decided in favour of the latter, and Nothing More completely outworked Pitch and Toss. A wretched trial between Handel and Lieutenant in the second ties ended in the defeat of the former, but he is far the faster dog, and would beat his conqueror four times out of five in a fair spin. Haddo never allowed Willie Forest to score a point of merit; and though Brandy was three lengths faster than Wattie, the latter had quite outworked him at the finish. In the remaining ties Haddo had the speed of all his opponents; but he did not run like a stayer, and it was fortunate for him that the finish of the final trial took place out of sight of the judge, as Sirius had all the best of it. The bitch puppies in the Derrymacash Stakes were, if anything, a better lot than the dogs. Garter Blue came over from England with an immense reputation, but, slipping up at a critical point of her trial with Quicksilver, she suffered an easy defeat, to the great dismay of her numerous backers. Princess II., Aunt Dinah, Madge Wildfire, Alice Sutcliffe, and Regalia, all won their courses in brilliant form. In the first ties Princess II. made a terrible example of Quicksilver, running in splendid style through a long trial, in which puss beat both of them. Sweetlips never gave Jane a chance, and Hawkseye and Regalia won their respective trials in the best possible style. The decision in favour of Victoria, in her course with Wayward Nellie in the second ties, gave great dissatisfaction, for it was generally considered that the latter won cleverly. Victoria won her next two spins in decisive style, having the speed of Sweetlips in a short trial, and she had the best of the early part of the "decider" with Regalia. Fortunately, however, for the latter, the hare was a rare one, and as Mr. Haywood's bitch is a grand stayer, she wiped off the early points, and won with a good bit in hand. The first round of the Brownlow Cup was fatal to several well-known dogs, including Cockie Leekie, Dreaded Falcon, Iron Duke, and Glorious Apollo, the last-mentioned running horribly badly. Ruby won her course with Hemlock in conclusive style; but Surprise, the runner-up for the last Waterloo Cup, who had been made a strong favourite for the stake, only just pulled through against Heath, indeed, the general opinion was in favour of an undecided. Ruby, Honeymoon, Surprise, Hopeful Joe, and Avon Queen, went exceedingly well in the first ties. The course between Surprise and Willie Galway was quite the most exciting of the meeting, and an immense amount of money depended upon it. The latter showed the better speed in the first spin, which was undecided; but, at the second attempt, Surprise took the first turn with a lead of four lengths, and winding up with one of his grand kills, won handsomely. In the second ties, Ruby tired a good deal at the finish of her trial with Tamerlane, and only just gained the verdict, and Surprise beat Avon Queen, though after the decision had been given, the hare escaped from them, and the finish of course was decided in favour of Avon Queen. In the third ties, Ruby beat old Diacticus, who had hitherto gone very well, almost pointless; and Surprise was put out by Honeymoon, the hare favouring the latter. The final was left to Honeymoon and Ruby, and the former, taking a meritorious lead from the outside, always displayed the best speed in a short trial. Mr. Hedley, who judged from a ladder, was scarcely so happy as usual in his decisions; and though Hoyle had slipped splendidly on the first day, he tired a good deal before the end of the meeting, which is not surprising, when the heavy state of the ground is considered. We append the result of each stake:—

THE RAUGHLAN STAKES.

FINAL COURSE.—Mr. T. D. Hornby's r d Haddo, by Blairgowrie—Robina, beat Mr. W. Smith's b d Sirius, by Smuggler—Stellaria, and won.

THE DERRYMACASH STAKES.

FINAL COURSE.—Mr. H. Haywood's b b Regalia, by Rocketer—Belmontine, beat Mr. Rea's ns b b Victoria, by Master Walker—Redwing, and won.

THE BROWNLOW CUP.

FINAL COURSE.—Mr. W. Liddell's ns w b d Honeymoon, by Brigadier-Hebe, beat Mr. Haywood's r b Ruby, by Victor—Wye Bell, and won.

Two other meetings clashed with the Lurgan fixture; but we must content ourselves with bare details of them. The Beckhampton Open Meeting began very badly, and the beating was done in such a slovenly manner that a great many hares escaped. Matters, however, improved greatly before the finish. The following are the results of the three chief stakes:—

THE DERBY, FOR DOG PUPPIES.

FINAL COURSE.—Mr. A. Kneath's b d Silver, by Rex—Topsy, beat Mr. T. E. Fiske's r d Fitz-John, by Jurymen—Jacinth, and won.

THE OAKS, FOR BIRCH PUPPIES.

FINAL COURSE.—Mr. W. R. Chisman's r w b Court Belle, by Drummer—Dorothea, beat Mr. A. H. Gardner's b d Grand Duchess, by Vanguard—Vick, and won.

THE WILTSHIRE STAKES, FOR ALL AGES.

FINAL COURSE.—Mr. Morgan's b w b Monna Vanna, by Pride of Avon—Marvel, beat Mr. Oatley's b d British Coin, by Cock Robin—Havoc, and won.

THE ST. MUNGO CUP, FOR ALL AGES.

FINAL COURSE.—Mr. W. Brackenridge's ns (Mr. W. Keddie's) b b Whinblossom, by Cashier—Scotia's Thistle, and Mr. S. J. Binning's w b d Battalion, by Improver—Emma Snow, divided.

THE CASTLEMILK STAKES, FOR ALL AGES.

FINAL COURSE.—Mr. J. Murray's f d Doctor Livingstone, by Sir Roger—Fair Helen, beat Mr. J. Beattie's b d Maid o' Dryfe, by Strange Idea—Queen o' Lyne, and won.

THE QUEEN'S HOUNDS.

The fact of Lord Hardwick having entrusted eight of his finest hunters to the care of Sam Valies, of the Royal Hotel, Slough, for the ensuing season augurs well for the lovers of the chase. The reputation that Sam enjoys amongst almost all who ride with "The Queen's" is a sufficient guarantee that he will turn his Lordship's mounts out in good form. Hunting weather is now all that is wanted to commence operations, and on all hands a splendid season is anticipated with this pack.

HOW TO FEED SPORTING DOGS.—The great difficulty experienced by every trainer, keeper, and owner, is to find food of a specially stimulating and strengthening nature, to fit the dogs for an abundance of hard work, which shall not at the same time throw them out of condition by its over-heating properties. The very best course to be pursued is to use Spratt's meat fibrine biscuits with judgment and discretion. Foxhounds may have the strongest biscuits containing 40 per cent. of meat; pointers and setters will do better on those of less strength, and in both cases if the nose at first becomes heated, ordinary biscuits may be mixed with the food for a day or two. With these precautions, Spratt's biscuits will be found the best food ever introduced for sporting dogs, and will keep them in capital condition all the year round; their coats will look glossy and sleek, their skin will be clean, and their general health will be well maintained. Let it be added that nearly all dogs take readily to the food, evidently enjoying it as much as what they may have been previously accustomed to. It is well for Messrs. Spratt that their mode of manufacture is under patent, and that the dates used by them cannot be applied to the manufacture of dog biscuits by any other manufacturers.

THE CITY GYMNASIUM CLUB held an entertainment last Tuesday evening at their head-quarters, Devonshire Square, when the great feature on the programme was the contest for the Feather-weight Amateur Boxing Championship. The best order was maintained throughout the competition, and the result of the "feather" was hailed on all sides with satisfaction. Unfortunately only two names were observable on the bill of fare to fight out the right of ownership for this much coveted prize; but thanks to J. Hyman (the previous holder) and Dénéreaz a magnificent and well-contested battle was witnessed. Both men appeared with great confidence marking their expressions, though the characteristic style that forces such a dogged impression of the man was clearly observable in Dénéreaz's eyes. He, it will be remembered, was returned the victor of the Light-weight Challenge Cup on March 28, 1874, when in the deciding bout he had to meet G. Goatley, who could clearly see over his head. Hyman also appeared to box for the same prize, but was disposed of by the same man that Dénéreaz bowled over in the decider. In the first round Hyman showed good style, and got at his opponent with some effect, his launches out being excellent and worthy of admiration. During the second, Dénéreaz began to score rapidly, his counters being simply superb, and up to the instant of "time" being called, matters were very evenly balanced on the two rounds, the last one being much applauded by all present. A fine set-to took place for the third, Dénéreaz somewhat altering his tactics, and pursuing the same that he did at Lillie Bridge in the final. He was the first to lead off, which was scarcely the case at any previous time during the competition, and, getting well home on the face, he followed up with several capital returns, but Hyman was not idle, and a fourth round of three minutes was considered necessary by the referee before he could give his decision. Though it was generally admitted that Dénéreaz had shown to the best advantage in the three rounds, we think it was very good policy on the part of the adjudicator to demand a fourth. Dénéreaz, in this essay, never at any time left the result in doubt, from beginning to end it was palpable that he had settled his opponent, who would probably be more at home with lighter treatment than the severe straight deliveries of Dénéreaz's right. Other very entertaining exhibitions of sparring took place during the evening between both amateurs and professionals, and all passed off in a manner creditable to the club and its professor, S. Austin, who was assisted by C. Franks and Aby Daltrey. Mr. Vandy, of Bell's Life, officiated as referee in the championship, which was fought under the Marquis of Queensberry's Rules.

A PRESIDENTIAL BATTUE.—A Compiègne correspondent writes to the *Times*:—"On Tuesday the Marshal-President of the Republic, accompanied by the Due de la Rochefoucauld-Bisaccia, the Marquis du Lau, M. d'Harcourt, and six other gentlemen, reached Compiègne at 10.27, and in the course of a day's shooting in the Parc Réservé brought down 114 cock pheasants, four hen pheasants, one snipe, and 909 rabbits. Wednesday was also marked by the first boar-hunt of the season with the Marquis de l'Aigle's pack. The boar was killed at Vevier Corax, in the forest of Compiègne.

G. Cooke has been engaged for some time past to ride Mendip in the Cambridgeshire.

ROYAL OPERA HOTEL, BOW-STREET, COVENT-GARDEN (W.M. HOGG, Proprietor).—W. Hogg begs to inform his friends visiting the Theatres and the general public that the above hotel is open for their reception, under entire new management. Visitors from the country will find every comfort combined with economy at this old establishment. Ladies and gentlemen with children visiting the morning performances will find a very comfortable coffee-room and luncheons always ready. Dinners from the joint as usual. Good beds and private rooms. Public and private Billiard Rooms. A Night Porter. [Advt.]

Calendar for Week ending October 31.

MONDAY, Oct. 26.	THURSDAY, Oct. 29.
Newmarket Houghton (1st day).	Newmarket Houghton (4th day).
TUESDAY, Oct. 27.	Catterick Bridge.
Newmarket Houghton (2nd day).	FRIDAY, Oct. 30.
WEDNESDAY, Oct. 28.	Newmarket Houghton (5th day).
Newmarket Houghton (3rd day).	SATURDAY, Oct. 31.
	Newmarket Houghton (6th day).

Latest Betting.

CAMBRIDGESHIRE.

1000 to 90 on the Field (offered).
300 — 25 agst His Grace (taken).
15 — 1 — Mignonnette (offered).
1000 — 60 — French Daniel (taken and offered).
18 — 1 — Lowlander (taken).
20 — 1 — Khedive (taken and offered).
20 — 1 — Curate (taken and offered).
20 — 1 — Peut-être (taken and offered; after 25 to 1 laid).
22 — 1 — Flower of Dorset (taken).
25 — 1 — Novateur (taken and offered).
1000 — 45 — Newry (offered; take 25 to 1 freely).
33 — 1 — Restless (taken and wanted).
33 — 1 — Laburnum (offered).
40 — 1 — Fideline (taken).
40 — 1 — Hochstapler (offered).
50 — 1 — Lacy (offered).
1000 — 20 — Mr. Winkle (offered).
1000 — 15 — La Coureuse (taken).
1000 — 15 — Botheration (taken).
1000 — 15 — Truth gelding (offered).
1000 — 15 — Pearl (offered).
1000 — 15 — Finisterre (taken).
100 — 1 — Conseil (offered).
500 — 2 — Mendip (taken).
300 even on Daniel v. Peut-être, 1, 2, 3, both to run.
500 — — French Daniel v. Mignonnette (offered).

MR. T. W. REID, having received an appointment on the permanent staff of a Paris journal, has resigned the editorship of the *French and English Sportsman*.

HUXTABLE was engaged at Doncaster to ride Flower of Dorset in the Cambridgeshire; and Gamecock will be ridden by Newhouse.

DOWN STEEPELCHASES.—A meeting of the committee of management of the County Down Steeple-chases was held on Saturday in Downpatrick, when the 6th and 7th March were fixed for next year's races.

THE tender of Messrs. Mappin and Webb, Sheffield and London, for the supply of electro silver-plated ware for the use of her Majesty's Navy has been accepted by the Lords of the Admiralty.

BARON CRAMM has sold the French-bred Baromètre, winner of many races and steeple-chases lately in Germany, to the Imperial Stud of Gradietz, as a sire, for £500, in consequence of an injury he received from a blow in the saddling paddock at Leipzig races.

J. GRIMSHAW, the well-known jockey, has been condemned by a German court to three months' imprisonment for assaulting a working man named Müller, with whom he had a dispute at the termination of a race last summer, which ended in a hand-to-hand fight. The judge took into account some mitigating circumstances, owing to Müller not observing the fair rules of boxing, and Grimshaw is endeavouring to secure a suspension of the sentence, pending an appeal.

THE HIGH WYCOMBE COACH HORSES.—On Wednesday, 28 horses, which have worked the coach between London and High Wycombe, during the summer were sold under the auction hammer at Aldridge's Repository. There was much competition for some of the horses, which were well-known hunters. A team of four skewbald mares realised 162 guineas; a chestnut mare, Lady Beaconsfield, fetched 80 guineas; and Baby, a brown mare, 73 guineas. The entire lot realised 1,207 guineas, and averaged 43 guineas each.

JOHNNY COVE.—Mr. J. Jamieson, of the Wood Pack Inn, Newcastle, has sustained a loss by the destruction of Johnny Cope, a full brother to Armstrong Gun and King Death, by Canaradzo, out of Annoyance. On Saturday, the 10th inst., Johnny was bitten by a kennel companion, a watch dog, which afterwards showed symptoms of being afflicted with rabies, and, in order to be on the safe side, Mr. Jamieson determined to destroy both animals at once. Johnny Cope was 11½ years of age at the time of his death, and during his running career he often successfully held his own against the very best class of greyhounds to the fore at that period.

Advertisements.

SALES BY AUCTION.

350 HORSES from the Argentine Republic will arrive in England during the month of October, and will be SOLD BY PUBLIC AUCTION, by Messrs. W. and S. FREEMAN, Proprietors of Aldridge's, St. Martin's Lane. For further particulars at Aldridge's.

ALDRIDGE'S, St. Martin's Lane.—GREYHOUNDS. On Saturday, Oct. 31, will be SOLD BY PUBLIC AUCTION, the property of several well-known coursing gentlemen, about SIXTY-FIVE GREYHOUNDS, including second and first season dogs, saplings, and puppies. Particulars at Aldridge's.—W. and S. FREEMAN, Proprietors.

ALDRIDGE'S, St. Martin's Lane.—GREYHOUNDS. On Saturday, Oct. 31, will be SOLD BY PUBLIC AUCTION, the property of G. W. Mould, Esq., his kennel of valuable SAPLINGS and PUPPIES, particulars of which will be given in future advertisements.—W. and S. FREEMAN, Proprietors.

BARBICAN REPOSITORY.

J. S. GOWER AND CO. will SELL by PUBLIC AUCTION, every TUESDAY and FRIDAY, commencing at Eleven o'clock, ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY HORSES, suitable for professional gentlemen, tradesmen, cab proprietors, and others; active young cart and van horses for town and agricultural work; also a large assortment of carriages, carts, harness, &c., &c.

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SPRATT'S PATENT MEAT FIBRINE BISCUITS FOR EVERY DESCRIPTION OF DOGS. 22s. per Cwt., Carriage Paid.

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ALL YOU THAT SUFFER
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READ THE FOLLOWING
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THOUSANDS OF CURES.
MOST WONDERFUL RESULTS
EVER KNOWN.

THE following are selected from
Thousands of Testimonials, the whole of which
can be proved Genuine.
From Miss Wm. Waterloo-road, Cheetham, Manchester.
Fairy Hill House, June 18, 1873.

Dear Sir,—I wish you to forward me another bottle
of your Eye Liquid as soon as possible, for I find it is
doing me good already. Hoping to have it by return.

1, Beehive Terrace, Wilton-street, Lozells,
Birmingham, August 23, 1873.

Mr. John Ede, Birchfield, Birmingham.
Dear Sir,—I am now in my eighty-fifth year, and have
been suffering from defective sight for the last four
years to such an extent that I was entirely prevented
working at my business, namely, that of a rule-maker.
About the first week in January this year I purchased
a bottle of your "Patent American Eye Liquid," since
then, and up to this date, I have had two others, and
am delighted to say my sight is so far restored that I
am enabled, even at my advanced age, to resume work
at my trade. You are at liberty to make any use of this
letter you choose for the benefit of other sufferers, and
refer any person to me you please. I am, dear sir,
yours &c.,
WM. BAKEWELL.

Lancaster Street, Birmingham, June 5th, 1872.
Sir,—I beg to acknowledge with thanks the value of
your Eye Liquid. I was suffering from a severe burn
eye, and after applying your valuable Liquid several
times I was perfectly cured. I can also testify that it
has done some wonderful cures for my shopmates. I
shall not forget to recommend it to my friends, as I am
sure it is well worthy of recommendation.—I am, your
obedient servant,
ALEXANDRA ADAMS.
Gun Furniture Forger.

March 1st, 1873.
Sir,—Your Patent American Eye Liquid has quite
taken the kell from my daughter's eye, being quite
blind for several days. Please send me another bottle,
as I shall always keep one by me.—Yours truly,
Mrs. BREALEY, B 91, Brearley Street.

143, New John Street West, Birmingham.
Sir,—I was suffering from a severe cold and inflamed
eye. I consulted two physicians, but to no relief; and
being recommended to try your Patent American Eye
Liquid, I did so; being happy to say a few dressings
have quite cured me.—Yours, &c.,
A. LILLY.

Birmingham, March 8th, 1873.
Dear Sir,—I have great pleasure to inform you that
using the 2s. 9d. bottle of your Eye Liquid has quite
cured the eyes of my favourite pony, the little grey that
took first prize in the Horse Show. I thought it quite
an impossibility to cure it, but before using it all I
found his sight as good as ever. I have also suffered
myself from dimness of sight, and occasionally a mist
came over my eyes so that I could scarcely see to
receipt my bills; but, after using your Liquid several
times I have not suffered since. Yours, &c.,
FRED. BOWER, Maltster, Brewer, and Wine and
Spirit Merchant, Albion Street, Birmingham.

To Mr. J. Ede.
Victoria-road, near Potter's-hill, Aston Park,
July 22, 1871.

Dear Sir,—My eyes have been weak and bad for many
years, and I could not get anything to do them any
good, till a neighbour of mine told me to get a bottle of
your Liquid, and I did so, and I find a great relief from
it, for I can see better now than I could thirty years
ago. It wants no recommendation—it recommends it-
self. Those that have tried it will never be without it.
Please to send me another 2s. 9d. bottle.

Yours respectfully, Mrs. CLARE, 82 years of age.

Landsdown Villa, Birchfield.
Sir,—I have tried bottle of your Liquid, and it has
made my eyes quite well. I shall recommend it to
everybody I know, for I am sure it is a good thing for
the eyes, for I speak as I find it.—Yours truly,
G. C. BAKER, late of the Tower Arms,
Lench-street, Birmingham.

Sir,—I have much pleasure in testifying to the sur-
prising efficacy of your famed Eye Liquid, which I
thoroughly believe has cured me of a scum on the right
eye, which I had suffered from for about nine years,
after trying numerous remedies for several years without
any good result. Accept my grateful thanks.—I
am, sir, your obedient servant,
CHARLES REILLY.
To Mr. Ede. Serg.-maj. Royal Cardigan Militia.

Dear Sir,—Mr. Mountford, builder, of Small Heath,
informs me that his wife was afflicted for two years and
a half with a dimness in both her eyes to that extent till
she could scarcely see. Had medical advice but to
no purpose, was recommended to try your Eye Liquid,
and after only two bottles was completely cured; and she
is willing for you to make what use you like of the
above for the benefit of others.—Yours truly,
RICHARD BROWN, Chemist, Spring-hill, Birmingham.

Mr. Ede.—Sir,—I feel very happy to let you know
my eyes are much improved. This is my own writing
and I have not had the pleasure of doing the like for
a number of years, until your valuable remedy enabled
me to do so. I hope you will put my name in your list
of testimonial. Let any person come to 35, Bow Street,
Little Bolton, and if I do not thread the smallest needle
they can produce then I am in fault. They may
enquire from the neighbours who have known me for
the last 38 years in one street, and they will tell them I
was unable to find my own door until I obtained your
valuable Liquid. I had begged myself paying
doctors 3s. 6d. and 4s. 6d. a bottle for about two
thimbles of Eye Water, but all to no use. I went to
the eye institutions of Liverpool and Manchester, where
they put me in great torture by turning my eyes, and
operating on me in various ways to no purpose. I was
getting worse until I was told of your remedy, which
appeared in the Birmingham newspapers, and I obtained
a small bottle. I shall for life feel obliged and thankful
to you; more I cannot do than pray for your pros-
perity and welfare. I am 84 years old, but still healthy,
and my shop of 22s. a week waiting for me when I
choose to go to it.—I am yours,
PATRICK GAVIN, 35, Bow Street, Little Bolton.

Mr. Ede.—Sir,—I will thank you to send me a bottle
of Your Eye Liquid, a friend of mine purchased a bottle
during his visit to Scarborough and received so much
benefit from it that I am induced to try it.

E. GRAY, Aire and Calder Glass Co., Castleford,
Near Normanton, Yorkshire.

NOTICE.—In consequence of the Wonderful Cures
and Great Sale, the PATENT EYE LIQUID now com-
mands unparalleled success. Persons are now trying
to palm off a Spurious Article on the public. Ask for
and see that you get EDE'S PATENT AMERICAN
EYE LIQUID on each Label. Sold in every town in the
Kingdom. By post from Mr. John Ede, Birchfield
Road, Birmingham.

PATENT CISTERN FILTERS, Charged Solely with ANIMAL CHARCOAL,

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THE LATEST PATENTED FILTER IN GENERAL USE.
And superior to all others, *Vide* Professor Frankland's Report to the
Registrar-General, July, 1866, November, 1867, and May, 1870. The
"Lancet," January 12, 1867, and Testimonials from Dr. Hassall,
September 23, 1863; Dr. Lethbridge, Feb. 15, 1865, and December, 1872.

PRICE £1 10s. and upwards. PORTABLE FILTERS on this

System, £1 5s. to £3.

Patronized and used by Her Majesty the Queen, at Osborne; by
H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, at Sandringham; by H.R.H. the Duke
of Cambridge, the *elite* of the Medical Profession, and at London, St.
George's, Fever, and German Hospitals, and various Lunatic Asylums,
Institutions, Breweries, &c.

POCKET FILTERS from 4s. 6d. to 6s. each. HOUSEHOLD and FANCY FILTERS from 12s. 6d.
WATER-TESTING APPARATUS FOR DETECTING THE IMPURITIES IN WATER, 10s. 6d. and 21s. each.
Danchell's "Testing Apparatus for Discovering the Presence of Impurities in Water," is a most convenient and
portable one.—*Vide* Dyke on the Preliminary Duties of Health Officers.

This is a very handy case for the Study Table or Carpet Bag. It contains the Chief Chemical Tests for Qualitative
Water Analysis, and will be found of use by medical and other men who may have occasion to ascertain in a ready
manner whether any of the more actual impurities are present or not in water.—*Vide* THE MEDICAL RECORD,
January 29, 1873.

157, STRAND, W.C. (Four doors from Somerset House), LONDON.

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Ireland, Inventors and Sole Makers of the Cele-
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their NEW OVERCOAT, under the above title, speci-
ally designed from the suggestions of some of their
patrons for wear on the moors in showery weather,
but which will also be found a valuable Travelling
and Driving Overcoat during the Spring and Autumn.

PRICE, THREE GUINEAS AND FOUR GUINEAS.

Made from Genuine Irish Home-spun Frieses, pat-
terns of which will be sent on application.

MEASURE: Only measure required is the width round
chest, under the arms over ordinary coat; also, height of
wearer.

PRICE: Three Guineas and Four Guineas.

Made from Genuine Irish Home-spun Frieses, pat-
terns of which will be sent on application.

MEASURE: Only measure required is the width round
chest, under the arms over ordinary coat; also, height of
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